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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 88.—Vol. VII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 9, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Kirk and Son*

The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel

Who, with her husband, was among the guests at the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's house-party, at Goodwood House, during Race Week

No. 38.—Vol. VII

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Print Collector's Handbook." By Alfred Whitman. New edition. (Bell and Sons: 15s. net.)
"Brittany." Painted by Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. (A. and C. Black: 20s. net.)
"A Descriptive Handbook of Architecture." By Martin A. Buckmaster. (Routledge and Sons: 3s. 6d. net.)
"The Soul of a Villain." A Novel. By Mrs. Hughes-Gibb. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Parish Nurse." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The White Lady." By May Crommelin. (John Long: 6s.)
"Alton of Somasco." By Harold Bindloss. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Harvest of Love." By C. Ranger-Gull. (John Long: 6s.)
"Coningsby." By Benjamin Disraeli. Reprint. (John Lane, Bodley Head: 1s. 6d.)

Arrangements have now been made by which every issue of

THE BYSTANDER

contains an

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF WEEK-END SPORT

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Random Jottings

The Pride of the War Office

The promise made by the President of the War Stores Commission to treat the War Office as a commercial concern for once, has, we are informed, put the officials there upon their mettle. Already several clerks have tried the effect of wearing a pen behind their ears, and an old gentleman was noticed yesterday going down Pall Mall muttering to himself, "And the next thing, Madam?"

A National Danger?

No one expected the House of Lords to come to any definite conclusion with regard to the question whether regulations concerning the premature publication of war news by the Press of this country could or should be drawn up. It was felt, and justly, that if, as is likely, war news confuses the enemy half as much as it confuses the ordinary reader, the mere fact of its being premature can scarcely be regarded as constituting a national peril.

Vice-Admiral Caillard

Commander of the French Fleet, who, with his men, is now being entertained at Portsmouth in return for the excellent time our officers and men enjoyed at Brest

In Case of Invasion

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that if this country were ever invaded, commanding officers should, for the sake of preserving a clear mind, be strictly debarred from taking in a daily paper, at any rate during actual operations. Or they might be put on their honour only to read the Parliamentary Report and Police News.

Pure Milk

"Despite the protests of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," says a contemporary, "the Board of Health of Jersey has ordered that, in the

"MUM'S THE WORD"

"Mong share Alphonse, mong bong cammyrard. Regardy donc! 'er, what I told yer 'bout. (*Aside*) Taisy, voo der ler Brest festivities, matey"

interests of pure milk, cows' tails must be tied up during milking." The S.P.C.A. must console itself with the thought that the Jersey Board might have been more arbitrary. Suppose they had ordered milkmen to wash their hands.

Barring the Baltic

We are glad to be able to state that Russian opposition to the idea of a British fleet visiting the Baltic is capable of a generous explanation. It is felt by the Russian authorities that, should a mutiny, corresponding to that on board the *Kniaz Potemkin*, break out on one of the English vessels, they would be unable, owing to the present condition of their own Navy, to do us the courtesy of suppressing the mutineers.

The Sultan adopts American methods of Advertisement
It is now stated that the attempt on the life of Abdul Hamid was a put-up job

No Room

German opposition to the scheme is quite another matter. The Kaiser would like to see our ships, but really, the German Navy is so large nowadays, and the Baltic so small, that it is very doubtful whether there is room for both. Besides, the Swedes might take offence. A touchy nation, the Swedes.

Music at Matches

Though music, of course, has charms to soothe the savage breast, the proposal made by an evening paper that a band should play at Lord's during important cricket matches has not evoked any very general enthusiasm. The idea, however, may yet be carried out in a rather different way, for referees are saying that they would welcome a band during football matches. Particularly if the bandmaster were a stout man, likely to catch the eye of an infuriated mob.

Pioneers

The campaign against the Decay of Home Life, which has been initiated by the *Daily Chronicle*, is already bearing fruit. At Clapham, Tooting, and other centres, societies are, we understand, to be formed, members of which will pledge themselves not to dine at the Hotel Cecil more than twice a week during the forthcoming year.

For Early Birds

Meanwhile, lest those who are holiday-making at Margate, Ramsgate, and the other East Coast watering-places, should find themselves losing touch with home, arrangements have been made by

The Shah in the States
The Son of Heaven bear-hunts with Teddy

which they will be able to buy and read their own particular morning paper before breakfast. It is seriously believed that this journalistic enterprise will supply a long-felt want.

The Shah in the States

The rumours that the Shah of Persia, weary of Paris and its thunderstorms, contemplates a visit to the United States have, we understand, inspired a well-known newspaper proprietor there to commission from several leading artists the following pictures, which are thought likely to illustrate the illustrious visitor's travels through America:—

1. "The Shah Tries His First Trolley-ride"

In this picture the Shah will be shown, hanging on to a window-strap by his eye-lashes, having given up his seat in the crowded trolley to a lady drummer. The Grand Vizier will be indicated in the wake of the trolley, having already fallen out.

2. "The Shah Bear-Hunts with Teddy"

Mr. Roosevelt and the Shah will be drawn together in this picture, with a large bear advancing. The question that will be suggested by it is—Will the Shah bag the Bear, or will the Bear bag the Shah?

3. "Women of Pittsburg Struggling for Lock of Shah's Hair"

The scene here will be the railway station. The bearing of great musicians under similar circumstances will guide the artist in making this picture look live and strenuous.

The Young Offender and the Toffee Drop

Humanitarians are greatly delighted with the Home Secretary's circular recently issued to the magistrates of London and dealing with the separate treatment of children who have to appear at police-courts. The only part which has puzzled them is Clause 6, which says :—

> When before the magistrate, the child shall be placed not in, but at the side, or in front of, the dock.

This, however, is easily explained by a correspondent at Wormwood Scrubbs to the effect that older prisoners have complained that, after its occupation by the little ones, the dock is apt to be unpleasantly sticky.

It is only the idler who realises what he might do if he chose

"Oh, Lord, yes! Might have been Prime Minister, only everything's such a beastly fag"

Nearing August

What are the two newspaper announcements, which of all others, if they were shown to an Englishman, who had been wrecked—let us suppose—on a desert island for years, and had lost all count of time, would most instantly put him up to date? One is "Ice-cream Victims" and the other is "Heavy Bags Expected." "Somewhere not far from August 12," he would say, and he would be right. Somewhere about that date there always are ice-cream victims, and heavy bags—of grous—are, at the same time, always expected. Later on, sportsmen wonder why they were.

Motoriana

The week's crop of motoriana is unusually rich. The sensation of the week was produced by the discoverer of the Petrol Throat. He is a "voice specialist," and has convinced himself that the escaping fumes of motor-engines (with which England is notoriously reeking) are "injuring the delicate membrane of the throat," and attacking "the nasal passages and the lungs." It remains for somebody to point out how the national sense of hearing is being ruined by the uninterrupted noise of bursting tyres.

A Song of Tennis

(. . . *Our National game has a poetic literature of its own. But tennis, which has come so rapidly to the front during the past few years, seems, with all its champions, to have nobody with "A song to sing, O!"*—"G. F. J." in THE BYSTANDER for July 19, page 140.)

Thanks "G. F. J."! At your kind hint
My Soul responsive sings.
Oft, at our Tennis Club I've felt
Poetic charm in lots of things.

For instance, when at 6 p.m.,
The game my mind from business frees;
Between my subtle smashing strokes,
I give myself to thoughts like these:—

The sun is loth to sink, but yon
Hangs lovely eve's translucent star—
("That fault, and double fault, young Jones."
What a confounded ass you are!)

The verdant courts where dart and gleam
Swift-moving figures flushed with rose—
("Jones, it's your partner's turn to serve."
She calls it 'service,' I suppose.)

A Song of Tennis

"My ball! Leave it to me, Miss Smith";
Girl partners *always* want to rush

The slip and slur of white-shod feet
Seems but a whisper in the hush—
("My ball! Leave it to me, Miss Smith";
Girl partners *always* want to rush.)

The sky lets fall a deeper shade
Of opal. Faint and musical
The player's cry floats on the air—
("Hi! boy; look lively with that ball.")

The strings sing as the ball's swift kiss—
("That's thirty-all; that's thirty—for—
Wha's that? Outside? My Sunday hat!!
Whatever is the umpire *for*?")

Now white shapes glimmer 'gainst the gray
Of night that takes us unaware—
("Sorry, Miss Smith; their game—*and* set.
That ball of mine *was* 'in,' I swear.")

'Bus - Drivers Must Not Talk!

The Beauty of Baldness

Hair-restorers are a strong market, but they are going to slump in due time if Dr. Kennedy, of Des Moines, Iowa, is attended to at all. He has raised again, with new and hideous details, the cry against beards as dens of the lurking microbe; and the alarming thing (from a Tatcho point of view) is that his views have met with a most sympathetic reception, the inclusion of all the hair of the head in the medical anathema being suggested as an improvement. And why not? A microbe that cared at all for comfort would scarcely choose a man's jaw, which is constantly in movement, in preference to the top of his head. The only microbe, in fact, to which we can imagine that the beard would appeal as a nicely-situated residential quarter is the microbe of St. Vitus' Dance. It does, indeed, seem more than likely that the great and growing movement of hostility to the microbe may lead in no long time to the complete shaving of the head and face in both sexes. Beauty is largely a matter of use and wont, as Darwin showed. It will become impossible for the anxious mother of the future to do anything for Isabel if she will not shave her head more regularly: none of the young fellows will look at her. Smart men will have their heads french-polished every morning. Americans will have them gilded. One of the advocates of the total shave points out that "one of the distinguishing features between man and the anthropoid apes is that one shaves and the other does not." But it is also true, that, as Mark Twain said, man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to.

Stepping the masts of the "Buzzard"

The "Buzzard" is now ancient history on the Embankment, yet public interest in her doings has never waned. Just now her Volunteer crew are away for their annual training (see page 265)

The Silent 'Bus-Driver

The new orders issued by an omnibus company, enjoining silence on their drivers, marks another chapter in the history of "Vanishing London." The driver who enlivened his journey with conversation not necessarily polite, is a type whom we would gladly keep with us. Always a bit of a philosopher, his remarks on men and matters were pithy and to the point. Now he is marked for abolition, and will no longer figure as he did in the old song:

> She sits by my side each day,
> She's stolen my heart away,
> For I drive the 'bus that Mary rides on.

A long jumper's strange contortions

This snapshot represents W. H. Dunnett, who was first in the Public Schools *v.* L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge

Photo by] **The silent 'busman** [*Advance Agency*

One of the principal omnibus companies has issued orders to drivers that they are not to speak to the passengers

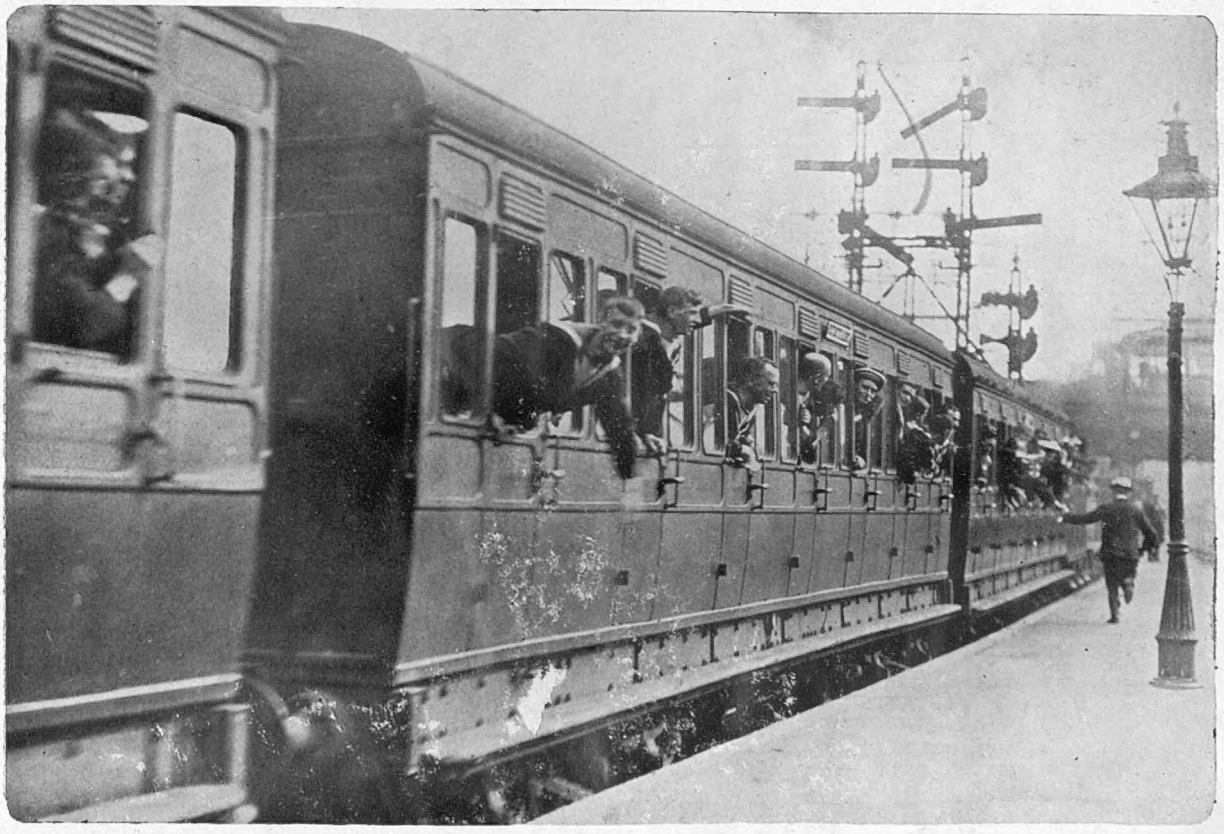
NOTICE TO OUR READERS: INSURANCE WITHOUT COUPONS

The terrible disaster on the Liverpool Electric Railway has drawn attention once more to the advisability of passengers covering the risks of travel by insurance. One of the victims had in his possession an insurance coupon for £1,000. His father made claim for this amount, and the insurance company promptly replied by telegram admitting their liability, and promising a cheque immediately upon receipt of letter of administration. Our readers are reminded that, in the case of our insurance, THERE IS NO NECESSITY FOR PASSENGERS TO CARRY COUPONS IN THEIR POCKETS. Subscribers to THE BYSTANDER, *paying 14s. 1d. half-yearly, or £1 8s. 2d. yearly, in advance, either direct to our publisher or to any newsagent, can be insured for the full duration of these periods by obtaining a certificate to the effect that they are subscribers. This certificate can be obtained by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the newsagent's receipts and two penny stamps for registration, to the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, 36-44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.*

The "Buzzard" Men go to Portsmouth

The men from the "Buzzard" on the platform at Waterloo

The Naval Volunteers of the *Buzzard* who have been one of the picturesque features of the Embankment this year, have departed for their annual training, and the Embankment lounger loses, for a time at least, one of the joys of his life. The annual training is to take place at Portsmouth, on ships of the Reserve division



Photos by *Illustrations Bureau*

"Good bye, and good luck!"

The training of a Naval Volunteer is not all beer and skittles, nor does it consist in much yelling of "Ship ahoy!" and climbing the sides with a cutlass between the teeth, as the more romantic might imagine. There is plenty of good hard routine drill, and this with life on the none too fastidious rations served out in the King's Navee, will give the river-bred *Buzzard* men a touch of the real thing

The King at Goodwood

The Royal Party at Luncheon

The King will be discerned at once in the foreground of the picture. It will be noticed that His Majesty cheerfully accepts, with his usual *bonhomie*, the conditions which attend lunch in the open air

The Queen at Victoria Hospital for Children

The "Duke of Clarence" Cot visited by her Majesty

The Queen privately visited the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, on Saturday, July 22, formally to give permission for the naming of "The Alexandra Ward," and, after visiting each little patient in turn, went to the Alfred and Leopold Ward to see the cot, illustrated above, founded thirteen years ago by *The Gentlewoman* Children's Salon in memory of the late Duke of Clarence. To mark her visit, the Queen sent a toy to each of the eighty children whom she saw, and also a musical-box for a blind boy in whom she was deeply interested

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Professor Tilden

Who has been appointed by Lord Londonderry to the post of Dean of the Royal College of Science

Professor Tilden

To the post of Dean of the Royal College of Science, vacated by Professor Judd on the last day of July, Lord Londonderry has appointed Professor William Augustus Tilden, D.Sc., F.R.S., who has been eleven years Professor of Chemistry at the College. He is on the threshold of his sixty-fourth year, and has been all his working life connected with chemical research. He attended Hoffman's lectures forty-five years ago, won the first Bell scholarship awarded by the Pharmaceutical Society, and subsequently became Demonstrator of Chemistry to that body. He was Senior Science Master at Clifton for eight years, and in 1880 became the first Professor of Chemistry at Mason College, and F.R.S. He is a member of chemical societies in various parts of the world, has held office often in British scientific associations, has published many scientific papers, and several text-books. A well-known figure in scientific hierarchy, he cares little for any other kind of publicity.

Photo by Lafayette

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon

Recently presented with a portrait of himself, painted by Briton Riviere, on the occasion of his celebrating his episcopal majority

The Bishop of Ripon

It is now twenty-one years since Dr. Boyd Carpenter became Bishop of Ripon, and to celebrate his "episcopal" majority, he was presented by the Diocesan Societies with a portrait painted by Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., which is to be placed in the Palace at Ripon. A replica of the portrait was also given him as a family possession. There was a crowded reception before the presentation, presided over by the Countess of Harwood, for the Bishop is very popular with both the clergy and the laity in his Diocese. He is still as popular a preacher as when he was the Vicar of St. James's, Holloway,

An unique photograph of Admiral Togo and Vice-Admiral Kamimura and their Staff

Left to right—Commander Funakoshi (Staff-Officer of the Second Squadron), Rear-Admiral Shimamura (Chief of Staff of the Combined Squadron), Admiral Togo (Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Squadron), Vice-Admiral Kamimura (Commander-in-Chief of the Second Squadron), Rear-Admiral Kato (Chief of Staff of the Second Squadron), Commander Akiyama (Staff-Officer of the Combined Sq

From an unpublished photograph published by a Japanese Co in Kobe

A Large Dog or a Small Pony?

from 1870 to 1879, and he is as vigorous as ever. He is an ardent book-lover, and is the proud possessor of an excellent collection of Dante literature.

Photo by *Dickensons*

Mr. Heywood Lonsdale

Master of the Bicester, who has just become engaged to the Hon. Helen Annesley, daughter of Viscount Valentia

Mr. J. Heywood Lonsdale

Mr. Heywood Lonsdale, whose engagement to the Hon. Helen Annesley is just announced, is Master of one of the most desirable Hunts in the Kingdom. The Bicester and Warden Hill, to give the establishment its full title, is most zealously supported, but the fields are not too large, as is the case with popular fixtures with certain Midland packs. The Hunt has ever had a distinguished history, from the days of the illustrious Mr. Warde. Later, Sir Thomas Mostyn won great renown with his flying, but rather silent pack. Recently the kennel has benefited by the Blankney blood introduced by Lord Chesham during his successful tenure of office.

Ladies who Breed Champion Shetlands

The Ladies Estella and Dorothea Hope, who are the sisters of Lord Linlithgow, may be called the chief Shetland pony experts of the world. Some years ago they started a pony farm on a delightful estate called Great Hollenden in Kent, and there they have proved themselves most successful breeders and trainers of Shetlands for which the British Isles, and especially the Ladies Hope's native land, have long been famed. Lady Estella and Lady Dorothea are both first-rate whips and have many kinds of miniature vehicles, including a spider buggy and a tiny four-in-hand. Their charming little turnouts are well known in the neighbourhood of Sevenoaks, and, from all over the world, people desirous of purchasing perfect ponies send to Great Hollenden. Both ladies have a pretty fancy in the way of names, one of their most famous pets, who has won many prizes, is "Hoplemuroma," yet another is known as "Prince of Thule"; a beautiful little creature is known as the "Microbe," and Lady Estella's favourite driving pony has the up-to-date name of "Radium." The giant of the establishment is a carriage-horse which looks colossal by the side of its sturdy little companions.

Photo by *Craigie Halcett*

Lady Dorothea Hope driving "Radium," a little Shetland, whose twenty-nine inches make a startling contrast with the height of an ordinary carriage horse

Lady Dorothea Hope, her sister, Lady Estella Hope, may be termed the chief Shetland pony experts of the world. They manage a delightfully situated farm at Great Hollenden, in Kent

A West African Band at The [illegible] Holiday

West Africans

The unusual and even startling uniform of the [illegible] African Regiment, whose [illegible] has this week [illegible] its performances [illegible] the Indian and Colonial Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, is a triumph of Imperial statesmanship. Something striking was wanted to draw the blacks to the flag: and it was provided. The men have been taught, like all other Army bandsmen, at the training establishment at Kneller Hall, Hounslow, and are first-rate performers. One of them is a son of the only man of his colour who has obtained the V.C., Drum-Major William Gordon—they all have such excellent British names as that—who saved the life of his officer when fighting the Mandingoes on the Gambia in 1892. The men are thoroughly popular with their comrades in the Service, which draws no colour line, and form a highly intelligent and reliable force.

Two bandsmen of the West India Regiment

The band is now fulfilling an engagement at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, Crystal Palace

him at the official [illegible]

[illegible] by [illegible] twenty fair fencers, and some pretty play was witnessed. The six ladies whose photographs we publish below are those who succeeded in staying in the final rounds, when, after a keen and well fought combat, Mrs. Edwards took the victory to her foil, which she used in a very finished and workmanlike style, showing a thorough knowledge of the art of attack and defence. Fencing, as a pastime, has, within recent years, become more and more a favourite form of amusement with English ladies, to whom it probably appeals more as an aid to deportment and the development of a graceful carriage than as a strenuous health-giving exercise—or as a means of defence.

Photo by [illegible] Miss Durand, Miss Bennett, Miss Edwards, Mrs. Edwards (winner of final), Miss Ashton

Some finalists in the Ladies' A[illegible] [illegible]encing Competitions at Br[illegible]

[illegible] becau[illegible] [illegible]atre Fran[illegible] [illegible]eat America[illegible] [illegible]wealth as well as [illegible] a daughter of

...n off Scotland

...TTRACTS BOULOGNE BOATS

A French smack ready for Scotland

French fishwives in conclave in Le Portel

THAT our own steam-trawlers gather their harvest as far north as the Faroes and Iceland, as far south as Portugal and the Canaries, is generally known, but fewer persons seem to be aware that our own North British herring fishery is of such importance as to attract quite an important fleet of French boats (mostly owned at Boulogne), which follow the restless herring right around Scotland.

I ran across, a week or two ago, to the premier fishing port of Northern France, in order to go aboard one of the French drifters then making ready for the Scotch voyage, on which most of them were to depart before June was out, so that by now they are casting their nets each night in friendly foreign waters.

These larger Boulogne craft are splendid sea-going boats, superior to anything afloat in Folkestone Harbour and quite equal to Ramsgate's best. One, which I boarded by invitation of the *patron*, c... a crew of nineteen men and a boy. All t... was of the most modern description, b... differ from that on our own herring boats, ... several long-handled landing-nets are car... recovery of fish that fall out of the nets in ... a very ingenious economy. The French longliners also carry landing-nets, which are far better for the purpose than the gaffs used by our men.

The Boulogne boats often make a very profitable voyage to northern seas, and an octogenarian, who ferried me over to the Quai Gambetta, pointed with pride to one owned by his grandson, which was due to start the next morning.

Most of the smaller fishing in the neighbourhood is done by the longline boats hailing from Le Portel, a fishing village a few miles to the east, which I visited by electric tram. Few English people take the trouble to see it, yet it is well worth an hour, being far cleaner than the majority of fishing villages in England, and cleaner than any in Ireland. Along the splendid foreshore of sand lie the small boats engaged in the hooking, each with its centreboard. In the streets stand groups of fishwives, chattering over municipal affairs; and here and there a woman in the picturesque cap, which, in Boulogne, is worn only to attract the tourist, may be seen baiting up the line ...th lugworms, while the *bonhomme* lounges on a ...ooden settle in the cottage window, and smokes ...umberless black cigarettes. F. G. AFLALO.

...son's boat

A fi...wife baiting up the line with lugworms

Prince von Bülow on a Holiday

Prince von Bülow

Europe has slipped easily into the new habit of speaking of "Prince" von Bülow, since he was raised from the rank of Count at the time (some said because) of M. Delcassé's retiring hurt from the French Foreign Ministry. The Kaiser showed his considerable talent for choosing men when he selected the Count as his Chancellor on the retirement of Prince Hohenlohe. But Bernhard Henry Martin Charles von Bülow had almost an hereditary right to the post. His father was Foreign Secretary of the German Empire at the outset of its remarkable career, thirty-four years ago. Precise and somewhat dandyish in appearance, the Prince carries remarkable brains under the faultless central parting of his hair: brains that have been maturing now for fifty-six years, and which have operated in close contact with the diplomacy of Europe for the past thirty years. He began (after student days at Leipsic and Berlin) as an officer in the Prussian Royal Hussars in the French War, and served until 1872. The change to diplomacy thereupon carried him, at one time and another, to St. Petersburg, Vienna, Athens, Paris, and Bucharest: his first and last Embassy being that to Rome, 1893-97, from which he passed, accompanied by a clever Italian wife, to the Chancellorship. He has become the most intimate and trusted of all the Emperor William's Ministers, past and present, and much of the Imperial time is spent with [illegible] residence in the Wilhelmstrasse Prince Bülow has a shrewd wit, as he has often proved to his opponents in the Reichstag, and a way of turning phrases that stick. He is an avowed worshipper of the Bismarckian tradition, and, as recent events have shown, not a little of that great man's special talent for making things come round his way has descended to Prince von Bülow. He is a consistent friend and admirer of Great Britain—he says so, and he ought to know. Yet there have been moments — however, the internal affairs of the German Empire, serious as they are becoming, occupy him more seriously than ours. To him has fallen the work of resisting the rising tide of German Socialism, and it will undoubtedly take him most of his time.

Photo by *Berlin Illustrated Bureau*

Prince Von Bülow (centre of first group) in the streets of N[illegible] taking a holiday. The German Chancellor's wife is seen walki[illegible]

A Lady "Knight"

Among the ladies who have become "Knights" of the Legion of Honour, none has deserved decoration more than the beautiful and cultivated Madame Bartet, who has been for many years the most important member of the famous Comédie Française. This refined and highly intelligent actress is far less known to the great cosmopolitan world than, say, Sarah Bernhardt or Duse, but that is [illegible]use she has always remained faithful to the Thé[illegible]ais, and has never made one of those gr[illegible] tours which bring the great player [illegible]ame. Julia Bartet began life as a [illegible] quite

A Lady "Knight" of the Legion of Honour

Supplied by *Press Picture Agency*

Mme. Bartet, of the Comédie Francaise, who has just been decorated with the Legion of Honour

poor Parisians, but she always longed to go on the stage, and she was fortunate in having as her master at the Conservatoire, De'aunay. Her greatest success as a girl was in the difficult rôle of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." She had then been only a few weeks at the Comédie Française. Since then, Madame Bartet has gone from triumph to triumph, and she has created many notable parts.

The M

ONE of the [illegible] interest[illegible] world fête has just been c[illegible] where a tournament, given [illegible] Good, Duke of Burgundy, has [illegible] sented exactly as in the origi[illegible] days that the splendour of the [illegible] its height, and the tournament in quest[illegible] in honour of Philip's son, the young Co[illegible] Charolais, afte[illegible] Charles the Bold. It was gi[illegible] in the beautiful Grande Place, but that which has just taken place [illegible] held in the vast Hall of the Cinquantenaire, before over twelve thousand spectators each time, the third public performance having taken place on July 30, while yet a fourth performance has been arranged for August 1[illegible] Government has been at almost the ent[illegible]e, having subsidised it for £8,000, the gate [illegible]ey going to charities. Over a thousand perf[illegible]ake part, and at one moment five hundred [illegible] the arena together. The performers are [illegible] from the two regiments of Belgian [illegible]he 3rd Artillery, and these have been rehear[illegible]g daily for three months, while the preparations have taken two years, every detail of dress and armour, etc., being historically correct, and designed from chronicles of the times of Duke Philip. What makes this tournament specially interesting is that the principal characters are actual descendants from those knights who played their [illegible] in the fifteenth century. The *coup d'œil* is magnific[illegible] when the different cortèges, first, of the Duke with [illegible]train (including the Bishop of Liége) and his Cour[illegible] ladies, enters the arena, [illegible] withdr[illegible] the arena, coats of arms [illegible] sands showing the places [illegible] of the principals. The tournament [illegible] three parts—the joust in which each [illegible] fights against each with the lance a[illegible] the axe, or with the sword; [illegible]n, an amusing contest between a knight [illegible]ed mannekin; and the tournament proper, [illegible]ch party collectively fights the other. The Comt[illegible]e Charolais is in this tournament, as in the original, the victorious one, making a splendid figure as he dashes [illegible] lists in his gold armour on his [illegible]sly caparisoned steed against an equally magnificent Adolph of Cléves, and each of his knights in turn, and is crowned victor by the ladies, who descend from their gallery while the minstrels play joyful strains on lute and hautbois. Such a sight will probably never be seen again, and those who are in Brussels on August 13 should on no account miss it. The hall is hung with banners representing the different trades and guilds, just such as were used in the fifteenth century, and it will only need a glance at the arrangements to reveal that, besides the untiring zeal of Colonel de Witte, of the Guides, and M. Cuvelier, the Archiviste, the best of the Belgian artists were called in to give their artistic aid.

J. E. WHITBY.

The Comte de Ch[illegible] Clév[illegible] in the jo[illegible] [Campbell-Gray

This revival of mediæval pageantr[illegible] the [illegible], B[illegible] att[illegible]n, which is the means of restoring next, and possibly the last, perfo[illegible] her lover, with whe[illegible] Ev[illegible] has [illegible] sible [illegible]

A Lady "Knight" of the L[illegible]seis Tournament

between th[illegible]-at-Ar[illegible] t [illegible] [illegible]ageant

-the joust [illegible] mour[illegible] [illegible]ance across a barrier, with the axe, or betwe[illegible] a [illegible] m[illegible] [illegible] proper, wherein each party collectively [illegible]is [illegible] a [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]plendid figure as he dashes up the lists [illegible] qually. [illegible] his knights in turn, and is crowned [illegible]ler[illegible] [illegible] and hautbois

Photos by

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

The poor past season, bewailed of manager and public, had at least one redeeming feature—the boom in Shakespeare. It seems as if there would be a carry-over of this feature.

We are looking forward to *Oliver Twist* at His Majesty's, and to a revival of *The Merchant of Venice* by Mr. Bourchier. Last Saturday, Mr. Otho Stuart opened the new season with a revival of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Adelphi Theatre.

This merry piece proved the trump card of an enterprising management last season. Indeed, the success achieved by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton under the management of Mr. Otho Stuart is a pleasant memory to recall.

The Adelphi production of *The Taming of the Shrew* stirred up disagreement among the experts. One section of the body critical said that the piece was played in too boisterous a fashion. It was noisy, pantomimic, un-Shakespearean. There was too much horseplay and cracking of whips. The "business" needed toning down. "Reverence for Shakespeare is very commendable," retorted the other party (of whom I am a humble member), "but when the bard has taken the trouble to write a play imbued with the merry spirit of fooling, it is a mistaken idea of reverence to check the flow of his humour by a subdued and colourless rendering. What did the grave school have to say of the Daly production? After paying tribute to Miss Ada Rehan's Katharine—admittedly the greatest the modern generation has ever witnessed—did they quarrel with the uproarious "business" in which the other characters indulged? Talk of boisterousness, why the antics of the cooks before Petruchio's home-coming in the Daly production would have put to shame a company of knockabouts. How they rolled over and scuttled away when pursued with such extraordinary activity by dear old Grandma Gilbert as Curtis.

The Adelphi production strikes the same note of boisterous merriment; so those who enjoy a most laughable evening should on no account miss it. Remember, too, that the Company goes on tour early in September.

Mr. Oscar Asche's Sly, the Tinker, is so good, that it is a pity the doubling of the parts should be responsible for a slight confusion to which attention was not, I think, drawn on the first production of the piece. To many people, the Induction is a mystery. They cannot see what connection the drunken Sly has upon the subsequent story of Katharine and Petruchio. If they miss the passage in which the servant announces that his Honour's players are come to play a pleasant comedy for the benefit, of course, of the befooled tinker, the point of the Induction is missed. In the Daly production, Sly, the Page, and the First Lord, were stationed in the corner of the stage throughout Act I, Sly following the action of the players with a drunken gravity.

The doubling of Sly and Petruchio does not admit of a piece of "business" which gives that portion of the audience—not familiar with the play in the study—the key to the meaning of the Induction.—E. C. S.

Photo by [*Campbell-Gray*

Miss Kitty Lindley, in the charming fantasy, "Le Reve," at the Alhambra

The fascinating Greek girl depicted above is cast into slumber by the sea-shore, and, while asleep, sees a vision, which is the means of restoring her lover, with whom she has quarrelled

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun.

IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

1 & 2. Song—"The National Theatre"

"On mounting a play quite a fortune
The Lessee's compelled to disgorge,
Un less ee is partial
To Sutro or Marshall,
No wonder he mutters, 'By *George*.'"

3. "This Office is a Temple"

4. Song—"Coqtin du Printemps"

"I m fond of any blonde if any blonde
be fond of me,
I'll let a sweet brunette go walking in
my company,
I'll smile a little while, and any shade
of maid you bring,
I'll kiss that one or this, I'm not
capricious in the Spring."

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

A FORWARD BUD

By N. H. FRIEDLAENDER

It was the idle half hour after tea, when the friendly between-light encourages sociability.

"This is the time," remarked the American Girl, "when in books they tell ghost stories."

"Oh, then, don't let's do it," pleaded the Practical Man.

"I take that," said the Man who Wrote, "as a personal insult."

"Welcome," said the Practical Man, with the rudeness of intimate friendship.

"I wonder," suggested the Dreamer, "whether any of you have ever considered the question of Fears."

"Don't know what you mean," said the Practical Man, discouragingly.

"I mean," said the Dreamer, "that I believe the bravest of us is not without some private and particular fear. I don't believe one of you can deny possessing a Fear."

"Oh, as far as that goes—no," assented the Practical Man. "Babies." He shuddered.

"Lady readers," agreed the Man who Wrote, and who had a score to settle with the American Girl.

"Lions," she returned, shivering. "Literary ones."

An Early Bargain Sale

MASTER: "What fault did Joseph's brothers commit in selling him?"
PUPIL: "They led 'im go too sheap!"

The Dreamer was indignant. "You're all trying," he observed, witheringly, "to be funny, and failing miserably. I'm perfectly in earnest." He turned to the Very Young Man. "Don't *you* understand?" he asked, abruptly. "Haven't you got a Fear?"

The Very Young Man was startled into unwonted smartness. "Rather—questions," he stammered.

There was a shriek of laughter.

"You haven't asked the Bud," suggested the American Girl, to pacify the Dreamer.

"Nor told us yours," added the Practical Man.

"Oh, mine! If you had the faintest glimmering of my meaning, you'd know that it's impossible to speak of one's own Fear—by name. It's too real for that; the thought of mentioning it by name paralyses one."

"Sort of clutches at your vocal chords, does it?" suggested the Man who Wrote, lazily. "As when you go to have a tooth stopped, and find it's got to come out?"

"Yes," whispered the Bud, unexpectedly.

Everyone turned to her, and she blushed furiously.

"Ah!" cried the Dreamer, eagerly, "so you understand? Now, could you tell anyone what your Fear is?"

"Oh, no! no!" gasped the Bud, in an agony.

"You see," observed the Dreamer, loftily. He returned to the Bud. "You've had it always, haven't you?" he prompted.

The Bud faltered. "N—o," she confessed; "only lately."

The Dreamer was disappointed, but not entirely hopeless.

"Do tell us," coaxed the American Girl.

The Bud looked round wildly. "Oh, please," she cried, "not for anything! I—I *wish* I'd never spoken!"

"You see," explained the Dreamer, haughtily. "That's the way it makes us feel."

"'Of course you can never be like Us,'" hummed the Practical Man, "and I don't mind confessing I'm jolly glad. I could never stand the wear and tear of such feelings."

"I think," said the Very Young Man, diffidently, "I've got a sort of notion what you mean. But—" he hesitated—"I've not had it all my life, either."

The Dreamer tried to be satisfied. "Of course," he admitted, "one couldn't expect any two cases to be exactly alike."

The Practical Man rose, yawning rudely.

"Well, to be frank, old man," he said, as he passed the Dreamer, "to me it's all like double Dutch."

The Dreamer quivered scornfully. "'A primrose by the river's brim—'" he quoted.

"Oh, yes, *I* know!" broke in the American Girl, eagerly, "'a-yellow-primrose-was-to-him-and-it-was-nothing-more.' Awfully funny thing to write, wasn't it? That's why it stuck in my head, I suppose. What more *could* it be?"

"Oh!" groaned the Dreamer.

"Who'll have a game of cards?" suggested the Practical Man.

The American Girl and the Man who Wrote rose with alacrity, and followed him.

"Aren't they too painful?" murmured the Dreamer, exhaustedly, when the door was shut. "Now with you"—he beamed on the Bud and the Very Young Man — "it's quite different. The Philistinism which——"

The door opened, and a servant appeared, bearing a brown-paper parcel.

"Ah!" said the Dreamer, and, pouncing upon it, fled without apology.

The Bud looked questioningly at the Very Young Man.

"I believe," he explained, "it's his book of poems. He's been expecting it, I know."

They were quite alone now, and it was extremely dark, which gave the Very Young Man courage.

"It was funny, wasn't it," he suggested, "our both turning out to have had a fear—only lately?"

"Ye—es," conceded the Bud, faintly. "But," she added, hurriedly, "yours couldn't *possibly* be the same as mine."

"And yours," he admitted, "couldn't possibly be the same as mine."

They considered this surprising position for some time in silence.

"I should like awfully," ventured the Very Young Man at last, "to tell you mine. May I?"

"Oh, do," said the Bud. "Only," she added, cautiously, "please don't expect that I could ever, ever, possibly tell you mine in return!"

The Very Young Man had no attention to spare for side issues. "Betty," he murmured, tremulously, "I love you most awfully, and—and I was afraid to tell you so."

"O—oh!" breathed the Bud, and allowed the Very Young Man to lead her into the Garden of Eden.

"Reggie," she whispered, when there was time, "I've changed my mind about not telling you my Fear. You were afraid to tell me you—l—loved me, and I—oh! I don't know *what* you'll think of me—but I was a—afraid you wouldn't!"

And then the Bud suddenly succumbed, after the manner of Buds, to a fit of giggling. "Only—think," she said, "what *he* would say to our—Fears!"

"He will never know," said the Very Young Man, consolingly.

And then the Bud suddenly proved that even Buds are women.

"You silly," she said, shaking her head, resignedly, "do you suppose the American Girl won't guess?"

N. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

"LEARNING NEEDS REST"

—Ben Jonson

"Joe, what's a Usher?"

"Huh! Anyone can see you've never been to college. Usher? Why the bloke as keeps on sayin' ''Ush!' when no one ain't talkin'—'ence, as yer might say, 'is name"

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

FARMING IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA: YANGEDINE, A TYPICAL HOMESTEAD, NEAR YORK AND BEVERLEY

Mixed farming, as well as fruit farming, has recently been tried in Western Australia with great success. The Government are making special efforts to open up districts in this territory, in order to induce emigrants to take up homesteads in this fertile tract of the Australian Continent

Fruit Farming in Western Australia

Jupp's garden and orchard, Chapman, W.A.

WESTERN Australia, unlike Canada, has not been boomed as a Colony open to receive settlers, so that it comes rather as a surprise to learn that it has vast tracts of land waiting to be settled upon and farmed, and that a part of Western Australia is eminently suitable for fruit (especially apples) and cereal growing. Great districts have been opened up to which the emigrant can go and take up a free grant of land, or buy from the Government at such rates that make it well worth his while to settle there. Every person who intends to emigrate should bear these facts in mind while deciding which of the over-sea Colonies offer him the best prospects. Should he choose Australia, he, at least, is sure of being able to get work all the year round, as Western Australia is blessed with a good climate. The idea that Australia is a country entirely given up to sheep-raising (rendered almost impossible, save to the wealthiest, owing to the long droughts) is most certainly not applicable to the districts of Western Australia that the Government are making special efforts to open up to the farmer and fruit-grower. Here the settler will have the benefit of a good rainfall and the necessary sunshine to bring his cereals and fruit to perfection. Every help is given him by the Government officials when taking up a homestead, while the Australian banks offer every facility in the way of loans at small interest to the man who is making a genuine effort to get along. Mixed farming has been tried with great success, and there is no doubt that this is the most attractive kind of farming, as it offers more scope and variety in a man's occupation. The man with a little capital has naturally the pull over his fellow emigrant who has nothing but his muscle and his determination to rely upon, yet the advantages seem to be such as to appeal to both. The young emigrant would be well advised in spending some time immediately after his arrival at one of the magnificent experimental farms owned by the Government, where he will be instructed, practically and theoretically, in all branches of farming, the sum of £5 covering two years' tuition. With this start, the intelligent man without capital can start at full wages, while his brother with capital can proceed to use it with the full knowledge of how to invest it to the best advantage. Anyone who intends trying his luck in the Colonies would do well to write for information to the Western Australian Government Offices, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

York: A city hardly twenty-five years old

British Central Africa of To-day

MOTORS—TRAINS—ELECTRIC LIGHT—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—CATHEDRALS

Modern Life in Nyassaland

To the ordinary reader, Central Africa is associated with lions and malaria, and although both exist, it will probably be a matter of surprise that British Central Africa to-day also boasts of motors, trains, and electric light, not to mention fine brick buildings, cathedrals, and rooms—like that shown in one of our pictures—which might well be in a cosy West-End flat. Major F. B. Pearce, C.M.G., Deputy-Commissioner for Nyassaland (officially known as the British Central Africa Protectorate), who has lately returned home after a long period of service in that country, gives a most interesting account of the progress which has been made. The development of the coffee, cotton, and tobacco industries is most satisfactory. The natives are doing well with cotton, and the prospects are distinctly encouraging. Thirty miles of railway are open, and the main line from Chiromo to Blantyre—the great coffee centre, which boasts the fine church of the Church of Scotland shown in one of the photos—is being rapidly pushed on. Zomba, the administrative centre and the headquarters of Sir Alfred Sharpe, the British Commissioner, and his staff, presents an amazing contrast to the Central African town of a few years ago. Government House is an imposing structure, erected on a beautiful site and surrounded by luxurious gardens; and the photograph of an interior of one of the Deputy-Commissioner's rooms in the old Residency shows that the Protectorate is quite up to date in these matters. There is even pleasant social life in the capital, there being at present no less than nineteen English ladies resident at Zomba. The accompanying photo is not a picnic scene on the Upper Thames, but an *al fresco* entertainment, at which Sir Alfred Sharpe and some of his staff, with their lady friends, were present in one of the beautiful woods in the vicinity of Zomba. Motors for commercial purposes are gradually entering the country, and there are already motor traction engines and a passenger motor-car running to Blantyre. Fine roads, too, have been cut through portions of the country possible to any form of wheeled traffic. Although the Protectorate is but in its infancy, its native forces have already distinguished themselves, not only in the

The Deputy-Commissioner's study in the old Residency, Zomba

"All the modern improvements" are to be found at Zomba, as witness Major Pearce's room illustrated above. It is lit by electricity, and the appointments would grace a West-End flat

Presenting medals to Native Forces on the parade ground, Zomba

It will be remembered that troops from Nyassaland did good service in Somali'and

(5) Photos Rep. & R. 24/8/05

Picnic Parties at Zomba, Nyassaland

Government House, Zomba

Government House, as can be seen from the photograph, is an imposing structure, surrounded by beautiful gardens

The Scottish Church at Zomba

It is difficult to believe that such a magnificent church should exist in a part of the Empire which the unthinking still refer to as the wilds of Central Africa

earlier struggles with the Arabs in the country itself, but also outside its borders. It will be remembered that troops from Nyassaland did good service in Somaliland, and one of our views shows a presentation of medals to the troops on the parade ground at Zomba. Nyassaland is the largest in acreage of our Colonial possessions in Africa.

Sir Alfred Sharpe, Commissioner of British Central Africa, and some of his Staff at a picnic-party at Zomba

The *al fresco* entertainment is a pleasant feature of social life in Nyassaland

"THE T

TWELFTH"

DRAWN BY CECIL SCRUBY

OUR SHORT STORY

LOVE UNTO DEATH

By H. D. LOWRY

I.

'Tis the pride of Pentreath that there are flowers growing commonly in those parts and insects sipping their honey that are not to be found anywhere else in the kingdom, and 'tis all on account of the serpentine rock. Whether the rock be red or green there are white veins in it. These are of soapstone, and they rot with the rain until you can pick them out with your fingers, and crumble the white paste in your hand. So the sea, which is always deep along the chief part of the coast, washes out great caves, which year after year grow wider and higher. And there are caves that must have been made by the soaking of the rain through the solid rock, which is porous.

Chief of these is the cave to the west of Pen-dhu Point. 'Tis fifty feet above the highest tide level, and a man might stand within a yard of the mouth and not know of it. The cliff is broken, and for fifty yards at the bottom is nothing but a tumble of huge stones.

The tale of the cave is hardly one to make a man hearty. If ghosts could walk the earth when the poor mortal bodies were dust and ashes, you might expect to look in the corner where the roof hangs over, and there is still an arrangement of rounded stones that might make a passable bed, if it were covered with heather, and expect to see the figure of a man bending over a girl shamed and dead when she was only twenty.

II.

There was never a prettier maid than Ia in all Pentreath, where the good air makes the plainest-featured comely to the man that loves her. She was called after one of the old Irish saints that came over to Cornwall with the news of Christianity, and she was like a saint's blessing when she came, with her pretty voice and the eyes that laughed sometimes, and sometimes held all the sorrow and pity in the world.

She was a little, small maid, and you couldn't look on her without a hope that the world would treat her kindly. She had the love of everybody, and yet she was always grateful for the smallest kindness: 'twas as if violets were in debt to you because you couldn't but like them.

But she was to be a woman, and when she was only a child you could see that she had given herself to Willie Vercoe. He was poorer than most, in a place where everybody was poor, and though he was a fine strong boy, he had a temper that was likely to bring trouble to him and to those he might happen to love. He didn't have it in him to hate anybody; if a man or a woman did a mean thing to him he had scorn of them, and it might be bitter words, but he wouldn't lift a finger to hurt them.

How is it that the best God makes have always the most to learn? There was never a moment that he didn't think of Ia, and how to make her happier than the maid was before. With other people he was masterful: he would take what he wanted and never think to ask. But with her he was different. He would wait for what she might give, and if 'twas only a look of the eyes, or a softness in the voice, he would be most content. And Ia knew it as surely as she knew that sunlight is good, and the rain good when the wind has gone West after weeks of the East.

Yet she was the only person in the world that he ever hurt. He knew her heart utterly: if he wore a flower in his coat 'twas of the colour she liked best, and, if they met in company, he would seem to talk to all the world while he was really telling her about matters that were altogether between themselves. But sometimes a kind of devil would enter in, and he would go to work, clever as a doctor with the knife, to make her suffer pain. After all, 'tis the danger of knowing how to love a maid that the evil that is in every heart may lead you away to strike deep where there is no armour against you.

'Tis not known what was the end of it, but no doubt George Curnock was the cause. He was a fine big man, and his farm was the best in the district, both for the quality of the land and the value of the stock, and when he came into it he was wonderfully attentive to Ia. And who shall blame her if her vanity was touched? A man is a poor judge of these things, but isn't it possible that she was so conscious of her love for Willie that she couldn't understand that he might be jealous?

Well, it all came to an end, and the manner of it was this. A man was tending the grave of his child in Landane church one night just after the stars came out (he was a miner and had to do things when he could) and he heard footsteps in the lane on the other side of the wall. There was a maid spoke first, and seemingly she was in trouble, but he couldn't hear the words. Then Willie Vercoe spoke, and every word was hammered in, so that nobody should ever forget what was said.

"'Tis no good. This is the end. Since you was a little maid that I could lift with one hand I haven't had thoughts of anyone but you. And there was a time when you were fond of me. I used to think that it would be the same to the end, and dream of how

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"Four days later, George Curnock was found stabbed to the heart, and dead"

(Illustrating our Short Story, "Love unto Death")

DRAWN BY J. R. SKELTON

we would grow old together, and then sleep together across that wall. You did love me once, but it is all over, and I am not going to stop and look on at that man's happiness. To-morrow I go to Falmouth, and ship to foreign parts." Then his voice broke. "Ia," he said, "I gave you good love—good as a maid ever had."

Then he was gone, and the man who had been listening heard the sound of a little maiden crying like as if her heart would break. So he sat by the grave, and at last she went slowly back towards Pentreath. Before the dawn was come next morning Willie Vercoe set forth across the downs for Falmouth, and the news came afterwards that he had found a berth on a West Indian packet-boat and sailed the same night.

III.

Everybody was sorry for Ia; but in such a case 'tis hard to know what to do. Pity is sometimes the most cruel gift that you can choose, and yet, what else is there to give in such a case? 'Tis to be supposed she he d a hope, which was more than a hope, that he would come back. Indeed, she had the right to be sure of that, for never a man loved a maid better than he loved her.

As was only natural, she wouldn't have any word with the man that had been the first cause of this great trouble. And that, in a way, was the cause of her undoing, for George Curnock was one of those men who never seem to care very much about anything unless they haven't hardly a chance of getting it. Ia grew thin, and her eyes had never any light of laughter, and yet she kept the pretty kindness that was born in her, till they that had happiness in love were careful, if they could, to keep away from her.

There was never a word from Willie Vercoe. One man who loved Ia, but knew he had no chance of winning her, went over to Falmouth and made enquiries when the packet came back. But Willie was a friend of the captain, and when they got to the other side he had got consent to leave her, and had shipped for other parts. So the man, who had thought to find him and persuade him to come back, had to hold his tongue, and watch the maid in her grief without a word to her.

In the course of time Curnock grew very friendly with Ia's father and mother and an elder brother she had. It would have been more natural for a young man like him, with money in his pocket, to spend his spare time in the market town, ten miles away, where there was plenty of gaiety for them that could afford to pay. But nine times out of ten he would come to Pentreath on a great Goonhilly grey, and call upon the e new friends (they were small people and not the sort that he would consort with in the course of nature) and press himself on Ia.

The little maid was in sore trouble. She was grieving for Willie, who had sent no word for a year. She hated the way that Curnock pestered her. And father and mother and brother were all the time telling her that she was a fool to care for a man that left her like that, when a man of solid worth was only waiting for her to say the word.

She stood out for a long time, and then, 'tis to be supposed, she lost hope and grew desperate. It was not given out that she was to marry George Curnock, but they were much together, and the people talked, and some were sorry to think she should be content with this new lover, though they had pitied her the loss of Willie Vercoe. The truth is, she had lost hope, and thrown the happiness that would have come to her into the deepest sea.

One day there came news that Willie Vercoe had come back to Falmouth, and had met with a small accident, and would be home in a few days. The man that had the news hastened and told Ia, and how should he be surprised if she stared speechless and burst into tears and went away by herself into a lonely place?

From that time she was not seen again. Four days later, George Curnock was found stabbed to the heart and dead, and she was searched for, for it was known now that she had gone to the cottage of an old woman after she got the news of Willie coming back, and that she had had a dead child born to her during the night. The police searched high and low, but many thought that after George had refused to marry her she had killed him, and gone and thrown herself over-cliff.

IV.

Willie came back at eleven o'clock on the night of the murder, and when he was told the news—it was at nine that Curnock's housekeeper came shrieking into the village to say what a terrible thing had happened—he was like a man stunned. 'Twas a strange thing that he should have had to pass the farmhouse where this had taken place, and who knows that he might not have been suspected of the murder if it hadn't been for the disappearance of Ia, who had so much cause to hate the dead man? Indeed, there were people who said things as it was.

'Tis a pity to tell the true meaning of a story before the end, but sometimes it must be done. Willie had been coming homeward about eight o'clock, when the twilight was falling over the moor. He was happy as could be to see the old landmarks, and wherever there was heather growing by the road he walked through it, and it was like as if he was a boy again to hear the crush of it underfoot. When he came to Curnock's farmhouse he was half minded to stop and have a word with him, but he was eager to be back and make it up with Ia, and then set to work to undo, if it were possible, the result of the folly that had kept him away from her for so long. So he was just hastening forward when Ia appeared at the door of the house and ran towards the road in terror.

He leapt towards her, but she looked at him like a person blind, in deadly fear.

"Ia!" he cried. "Is it the little maid I came back to, come forth to meet me like this? I will never go again. I have all this time to win back—these wasted years."

She looked at him blindly. "I've killed him," she said. "He laughed in my face, and I killed him with a knife."

"Killed him?" he cried.

"He laughed in my face, and I killed him. The little child never drew breath, and . . . Why did 'ee go away? Why do 'ee come back? 'Tis too late now."

(Continued on page 299)

"All the World's a Stage"

THE·SEVEN·AGES
7.
—LAST SCENE OF ALL,
THAT ENDS THIS
STRANGE EVENTFUL
HISTORY, ❊ ❊ ❊
IS SECOND CHILD-
ISHNESS, AND MERE OB-
LVION; ❊ ❊ ❊
SANS TEETH, SANS
EYES, SANS TASTE,
SANS EVERYTHING ·
AS YOU LIKE IT

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HEATH ROBINSON

(Continued from page 288)

There was no time to ask questions. Willie had heard enough to understand that the little maid he had loved was lost to him for all the ages, but he loved Ia perfectly, and he knew that it was he who had done all this; he could even understand how she had let herself fall in her despair into the hands of Curnock.

"Come," he said, and he blessed his knowledge of the moors and the cliffs. He led her secretly towards the cave I told you of, and she followed and obeyed like a little child that speaks a foreign language, but trusts a kindly stranger. It seemed as if she had forgotten what she had done, and yet knew that she must hide. So he took her to the cave, and gathered heath and made a bed, which he covered with sweet-smelling grasses and bed straw, and he sat with her in the dark until she slept. Then he came into the village, and was told the news.

V.

They told him that it was certain sure that she was dead by this time: that she must have drowned herself in the same frenzy in which she did the murder. He was dazed, and hardly spoke a word, but he took food and sat patiently while people said things in pure kindness that were enough to break the heart.

"Willie," said one, "why did 'ee go away? 'Twouldn't be natural if a man and a maid didn't fall out, 'pon times. 'Tis well enough to be loving all the time, and the each to think there edn't nobody like the other, nor never was. You do get good proof of it, too, when you have to part company during a quarrel. But to stop away so long when the maid loved 'ee so well—"

"I aren't in the heart for talking," said Willie, so they didn't molest him any more, but talked among themselves, so that he learned all that had happened, so far as it was known to them.

When he had eaten, he went out of the room, and in a few minutes he came back and said that he didn't feel like sleeping, but would go for a stroll.

"A strange thing," said one that was there, "a strange thing if he should be the one to find the body. I aren't wiser than most, I believe, but he's gone to look for her."

He had found candles and food, and as soon as he was free of the village, he made straight for the cave. Ia was still sleeping, so he lit the candles and set to work to make a bed of stones, and gathered more heather for her to lie on in the loneliest corner of the cave. Then he put out all the candles but one, and sat down beside her and watched. The candle burnt down, and he didn't trouble to light another. She woke in the dark, and for a moment she was frightened, but he soothed her to sleep again with a sound of the voice and a touch of the hand. And he knew that she did not remember what she had done, nor why she was lying in the dark. When she woke she took the food he gave her, and when he said that he must leave her, and that she must be quiet until he came back, she never said a word. He came to the village about five in the morning, and slept for a time, but he was called up early by the constables.

They were wanting to know if he had heard or seen anything when he passed the farmhouse, and when he did so. He seemed like a man so stricken by sorrow that he did not understand what they were talking of, but he made them believe that he didn't come to Curnock's place till close upon eleven, and that he didn't notice. When they were done with him, he went wandering on the cliffs, and yet, though many did the same, little or nothing was seen of him that day, or on many days that followed.

The constables were searching for the body, and they had but a cold welcome. The thing was done and ended: there was no doubt as to who did the murder, and everybody was sure that Ia had killed herself. Now this was in the days before the smuggling was done away with, and there were revenue officers enough already to put their noses into places where they were not wanted without these others. And a constable seemed to have a knack of being where he was not wanted.

One night a strange thing happened. Willie was in company of others, and a woman suddenly cried out, "Who is the maid you have had with her head upon your shoulder?"

He hesitated. "What is the woman talking about?" he said at last.

"Why this!" she said, and she went forth and took from the shoulder of his coat a long hair. She looked at it curiously. "There edn' many maidens that Willie Vercoe would be likely to look upon," she said. "And the hair is not the same in any two. Is it Minnie Trewhella, or Annie Hugo, or—?" She broke off with a start, and rolled the hair round her finger, and said no more. She was a woman that would have given her soul to marry Willie in the days when he was courting Ia.

From that time he was watched, for the woman gave the word to the constables, and there were more than a few now seemed to guess that he had her hid somewhere. But he knew the country, and they could not track him. Then he was lost to the sight of men for eight-and-forty hours, and when he came back he had grown more silent than ever, and there was a something dreadful about the man, so that few cared to speak to him. He was followed when he left the village at nightfall, and after he had entered the cave there were several watchers behind the rocks near by; for to shelter anybody who had committed murder was a hanging matter.

They waited and waited with the sea calling round the rocks below. After a long time there was a sound from the mouth of the cave. Willie appeared, and with infinite pain he lifted out what might have been the body of a woman, swathed in a white sheet.

He lifted it in his arms and stepped towards the sea. Then a constable called on him to surrender in the name of the law. He just glanced over his shoulder, and saw how matters were. He scrambled down to the edge of the sea and did—was it all or more than all he had intended to do if they had not come on the scene?

He had weighted the body with stones that it should sink surely into the good sea. He stood for a moment like a statue. Then he bent forward, and he and Ia sank together to the blind waves feeling round the roots of the cliffs and calling in the darkness of sunken caves.

H. D. Lowry.

Anglo-French Amenities

COURTEOUS STRANGER *(from the Boul' Miche, on a visit to congenial spirits in Soho):* "Three cheers for ze brave Englishman. What ho! Which way to Piccadilly Cirque, s'il vous plait, sare?"

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLLIDAY

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE LAYING OUT OF GOLF COURSES

Amateur v. Professional View for Laying Out a Course

Much has been said and written in these last few years on the subject of the proper way to lay out a golf course, but I have not yet come across any written exposition of the profound difference which exists between Amateurs and Professionals on this knotty question. Their opinions on this particular point are as wide apart as the poles. When I speak of Amateurs and Professionals I must be understood to refer to the leading figures on both sides. This

Willie Park

Pre-eminent among professionals in laying out courses

divergence of opinion comes out most strikingly in the case of the old course at St. Andrews. That course, in the judgment of the vast majority of Amateurs, is as near perfection as links can be. Whether taken as a severe test of first-class golf, or as an arena for the enjoyment of every-day play in friendly matches, no course approaches it within measurable distance for excellence and variety of holes. It calls for the exercise of every possible stroke yet invented or played by a first-class man at some point of the round, and, whereas at Sandwich (to compare another fine links) you can negotiate the course with a few simple straightforward strokes duly repeated at each successive hole, at St. Andrews you are constantly finding yourself called upon to play strokes entirely differing from those used at previous holes. Yet, what do we find?

Professionals Plump for Sandwich

A great many Professionals, headed by Vardon, declaring that Sandwich is the finest test of golf among the Championship courses, and damning St. Andrews with faint praise or with positive abuse. Now, I have no intention of entering upon a discussion of the comparative merits of these two courses. But it seemed to me necessary to mention them, and the opinions on them, in order to bring out the reason, which, to my mind, is the cause of the divergence in view between Amateurs and Professionals about golf courses. I have cudgelled my brains a good deal on this subject, and I have had many talks with leading men of both sections, with the view of arriving at some understanding of the problem. I have come to the conclusion that Professionals and Amateurs look at the game from an entirely different standpoint. Professionals, for the most part, consider the game from a strictly business point of view; for this no one can blame them; but this attitude of mind tends to

Harry Vardon

Whose work, "The Complete Golfer," recently published, contains valuable hints on laying out courses

make the mere enjoyment of the game, in all its diverse aspects, a secondary consideration to them. The result of this is, that nine professionals out of ten prefer a course where they can play every shot dead on the straight line to the hole to a course where they have constantly to exercise their brains and their judgment as to which line, under varying circumstances of wind and weather, they should elect to take. It will be recognised at once by anyone who has played over the two courses, that St. Andrews and Sandwich are almost perfect examples for my argument. At Sandwich you can, at almost every hole, play dead on the bee line to the hole without any worrying thought of cunningly scattered pot bunkers demanding that you shall play for a given point in order to make yourself. The first-class professionals have brought the game to such a pitch of perfection that a course like Sandwich causes them no perturbation at all. They can go round it blindfold, so to speak. They need only hit their shots dead straight, a thing which most of them now do with singular unanimity, to be sure of finding their ball in a safe position.

Brain-Work at St. Andrews

But at St. Andrews they cannot do this. The brain-work is just as necessary there as the work of the hands and arms. To conquer St. Andrews is like overcoming a scientific army such as the Japanese. To vanquish Sandwich is like defeating a fine body of reckless, but unscientific savages. We are happily far removed from the evil days when poor Tom Dunn used to lay out course after course round London on a uniform pattern. He gave you a ditch and bank bunker to carry from the tee, and then another ditch and bank bunker crammed right up against the green to pitch over with your approach shot. How many of these courses have had laboriously to be altered in these later days to make them fitter tests of golf and arenas for enjoyment I should not care to calculate. But that type of course then represented the highest achievement of the professional expert. Now the needle points to the other extreme. You find courses laid out by professional experts where all the hazards are at the two sides, with very little danger to carry from the tee.

Mr. Charles Hutchings
A very sound amateur judge, who is laying out the new Prince's Club course at Sandwich

Monotonous Courses

The idea apparently is, that if a player plays an absolutely straight shot dead on the line of the hole, he shall go round the course scatheless. Such a course, in my humble opinion, is bound to become drearily monotonous after you have played one or two rounds over it. On St. Andrews links you have to select your point in

Mr. Mure Fergusson
Who laid out the New Zealand course at Byfleet

accordance with the direction from which the wind is blowing. On a course with no dangers on the line to the hole, you are only called upon to hit straight ahead. Now, which sort of course, dear reader, do you think calls for the greatest exercise of skill, brains, and judgment? I have no doubt about your answer. Yet, until we can get a better understanding and agreement between Professionals and Amateurs on this question, it will be vain to expect any new courses to be anything but a poor and dull compromise between their conflicting views. Happily, in some cases (and I have a particular one in my mind), the professional view will be entirely disregarded, and the course laid out both for scientific golf and for the enjoyment of the ordinary player, free from the curse of monotonous, featureless, and exaggerated length.

Ernest Lehmann

The Library

What is to be the future of the negro? This question has vexed the mind of every President of the United States since the great Civil War, of which the abolition of slavery was one of the principal effects. The negro is free, and has had many years in which to appreciate his freedom, but, in many cases, it has seemingly made no difference to him either mentally or morally. But good work is being done, as is shown by a little book, called *The Souls of Black Folk*, by Professor W. E. Burghardt Du Bois (Constable: 5*s*.). Professor Bois himself is "bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of them that live within the Veil." Ten millions of America's inhabitants are black, and it is to show the conditions in which they live and strive—not only the physical conditions, but, as the title of the book shows, the spiritual conditions also—that this book has been written. There is a particularly good chapter on the work done at Tuskegee by Mr. Booker Washington, who, once a negro slave, is now a preacher and one of the chief forces for progress among his people. Results attending the higher education of the negro have been very gratifying, and point to the fact that the standard of intelligence increases with proper mental training. Hundreds of men of negro blood are taking up their share of work in the Great Republic as doctors, lawyers, preachers, editors, and some are representing their race in Congress. Mr. Du Bois is not only imbued with a passion to help his race, for which he has already done great work, but his book has a literary quality all its own, and the constant apt allusion bespeaks the man of culture. Altogether, *The Souls of Black Folk* is a book of intense human interest.

Curiously enough, two other works on the negro have recently been published. One not specially devoted to him is Messrs. Black's colour-book of the *West Indies*, while the other, *Ethiopia in Exile* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s*.), is by Miss B. Pullen-Burry, who has written on the subject before in her book, "Jamaica As It Is." Written by an Englishwoman, *Ethiopia in Exile* describes Miss Burry's second visit to our island Colony of Jamaica, during which she made a tour through the United States and Cuba, and is thus able to draw a discerning contrast between the black under British and under American rule. Both these works are worthy a place on the library shelves.

A novel well worth reading is *The Valley of Inheritance*, by V. Langbridge and G. Harold Bourne (Methuen: 6*s*.), and we welcome a combination of authors (an uncommon thing in itself in England) which has produced such a strong, tragic story. When psychology finds its way into the modern novel, it is usually as a cloak to mere beastliness. This, however, cannot be said of *The Valley of Inheritance*, which concerns itself with the life of Kenyon Rivers, a brilliant man, whose mind is obsessed by a mystery surrounding the disgrace of an ancestor. This mystery is transmitted to Kenyon Rivers hereditarily, even as a passion for music, art, or literature, may be handed down. How Kenyon Rivers clears up the mystery surrounding his ancestor and himself, and dies as deliverance from his inherited mental affliction is at hand, is well told. The characters in the book are all strongly drawn, though we must confess to finding some of the episodes in the career of Kenyon Rivers a trifle unconvincing. The character of Ethel Short commands our admiration as a fine piece of work. The book contains many shrewd observations on men and women, though too many of them are in the form of the over-common epigram.

Under the title of *The Poor and the Land*, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company have just published in book form, at a popular price, the Report on the Salvation Army Colonies in America and at Hadleigh, in Essex, recently made by Mr. H. Rider Haggard to the Colonial Office in his capacity of Commissioner. Mr. Haggard has added to his Report an introduction dealing with the question generally, and with arguments that have been advanced against certain points in his scheme. The book is illustrated with photographs taken by Miss Angela Rider Haggard, who acted as her father's private secretary throughout his journey.

School stories (for the purpose of review) group themselves into three classes, each with a well-known prototype at its head. In class one we have the "Eric" type, with its sayings and doings of religious prigs, which, having had its fair and just share of abuse, shall receive no more here. Then there is the "Stalky" type, in which school life provides an excellent training ground for embryo criminals and adventurers—a very readable type of story, if shocking at times to tender susceptibilities. The last and greatest is, of course, the "Tom Browne" type, with its healthy, hearty boys, who, at least, have inherited a decency of speech and action, and behave themselves neither like brutish beasts nor righteous cads, but simply like boys. To this type belongs *Hugh Rendal*, by Lionel Portman (Alston Rivers: 6*s*.), though, with all other good stories of public school life, it suffers from having so great a prototype. In short, it does not begin to compare with "Tom Browne," of which we had rather have any six pages than the whole of Mr. Portman's book. One hardly knows whether *Hugh Rendal* was writtten for boys or parents, though there is no doubt that parents will be the better pleased with it. To the boy, it will seem a dull performance, for Hugh Rendal and his companions all take life too seriously. It is true Hugh takes part in an escapade or two, but they are very serious affairs, involving attendance at public-houses and a race-meeting, and the majority of schoolboy escapades are not of this type. What we like Mr. Portman for best is for his manly, healthy tone, and for the serious ideals he holds up for boys. While most boys will complain of the book being dull, very few will fail to be impressed by it. Public schools have their detractors, though few will disagree with Mr. Portman when he says: "If there are many minds that gain nothing at a public school, there are few characters that do not gain something, and many that gain a good deal. Of the majority, it may be affirmed that as they put out year by year on the great waters of life, they carry with them some feeling, that they would not otherwise have acquired, of fairness, strength, and self-control; of modesty and endurance; of loyalty to a common cause; of contempt for the soft, the cynical, the idle, the insincere." When you have read this book, send it on to Young Hopeful, and ask his opinion of it. It should be interesting.

G. F. J.

Books to Order This Week

General Literature

Brittany. By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. (A. and C. Black: 20*s*. net.)

The Print Collector's Handbook. By Alfred Whitman. New edition. (Bell and Sons: 15*s*. net.)

Local Government. By Percy Ashley, M.A. (Jack's Scientific Series: 1*s*. net.)

Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty. By John Fyvie. (Constable: 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Fiction

The Valley of Inheritance. By V. Langbridge and G. Harold Bourne. (Methuen: 6*s*.)

The White Lady. By May Crommelin. (John Long: 6*s*.)

Hugh Rendal. By Lionel Portman. (Alston Rivers: 6*s*.)

The Harvest of Love. By C. Ranger-Gull. (John Long: 6*s*.)

Alton of Somasco. By Harold Bindloss. (John Long: 6*s*.)

French Fiction

Jean Christophe, L'Aube. By Romain Rolland. (Hachette: 2*s*. 8*d*.)

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

A Novelist of Wales

Perhaps it would be more correct to say *the* novelist of Wales, but that we must never forget "Aylwin," which is the finest novel of Wales, although its author is a native of the East of England. However, there is good reason for regarding the clever lady who writes over the *nom de guerre* of "Allen Raine" as the representative novelist of the Principality, though it is a mystery to me how any critic can have discovered her "the Barrie of Wales," as I notice her publishers announce. Mr. Barrie is a delicate worker in cameos of character, and "Allen Raine" is not exactly that; but none the less is she an admirable writer, and well deserving of the immense popularity which she has won. It is the fact of this remarkable and quiet success of hers which tempts me to a note about her and her work this week. For it is seldom, in these times of shrill advertisement, that a writer gains a deep hold on the affection of the public before there has been much sounding of the loud timbrel. Yet here we have a lady who, in eight years, has written some half-dozen books which have sold to the extent of three-quarters of a million, and I have never seen a personal paragraph about her, and only once her portrait. Indeed, her books have not, so far as I remember, been reviewed with any perfervid rhetoric, such as we usually associate with a literary 'boom." She has found her public, not despite the critics, as some novelists are pleased to claim, but certainly not on account of their enthusiasm. I wonder if Welsh pride in the work of a countrywoman has anything to do with it? Not all, I am sure. For myself, I confess that when I read her first book, "A Welsh Singer," a matter of seven years back, I did not have the acumen to foresee that its writer was destined to become one of the most widely-read novelists of the day. If my memory serves me, the book was rather melodramatic in parts, and, in so far as the scene lay out of Wales, by no means true to life. But "Torn Sails" was a distinct advance, and one seemed to be introduced to a life as remote as could be imagined from anything known in England, yet bearing the impress of truth — the life of her native Wales. Another of her novels which I recall was "Garthowen," and my recollection of it is that of a very obvious story, with no freshness of structure, but charming in its detail, fragrant with an old-world atmosphere of quietness and quaintness. How pleasing, then, is it to know that a writer without any shriekishness or sensationalism to capture the unsympathetic mob should have achieved a success so substantial. "Allen Raine," I may add, is in real life Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe, and she lives at Cilgerran, which is not far from her girlhood's home at Newcastle Emlyn, on the borders of Carmarthenshire.

"Allen Raine" (Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe)

A novelist whose stories of Welsh life are enjoying great popularity just now

Canadian Poets

I am interested in the announcement that Messrs. Putnams are about to introduce to English readers the work of that delightful Canadian poet, Dr. W. H. Drummond, whom I had the pleasure of meeting just three years ago at a little informal luncheon party arranged by his friend, Sir Gilbert Parker. What a splendid specimen of the stalwart Colonial was Dr. Drummond, with whose quaint French-Canadian verse I had long been familiar. It was with surprise I discovered that he was really an Irishman, having been born in the distressful isle not very far short of fifty years ago. His mastery of the French-Canadian *patois* is so complete that I had never before suspected this. I am sure that his forthcoming book, "The Voyageur and Other Poems," will have a favourable reception; certainly it deserves that. Here is an example of his style:

Now h'all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on one beeg farm.

De win' can blow lak' hurricain,
An' spose she blow some more,
You can't get drown h'on Lac Saint Pierre
So long you stay h'on shore.

With the Imperial idea so much to the front as it is at present, one might suppose there would be an opening for an anthology of Canadian poetry, and there is good store to draw from. The verse of Mr. Bliss Carman is well-known in England—Mr. Murray now issues most of his books—and I think some of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's poems have found an English publisher; but both of these poets, who, by the way, are cousins, have become somewhat Americanised by residence in the States. There are many other Canadian bards worth hearing, and the only collection I know is a rather poor one included in Mr. Douglas Sladen's somewhat slovenly volume, "The Younger American Poets." When we have the *entente cordiale* an accomplished fact, there ought to be an added piquancy in the Canadian-French poems of

Louis Honoré Frechette, the "Canadian Laureate," which are written in that archaic French that has charmed M. Gaston Deschamps and all other French *litterateurs* who have visited the French districts of the Dominion. I should like to quote the whole of his spirited poem on the English Flag, but I can only find space for the concluding verses :—

Et si maintenant son pli vibre
A nos remparts jadis gaulois,
C'est au moins sur un peuple libre
Qui n'a rien perdu de ses droits.

Oublions les jours de tempêtes;
Et, mon enfant, puisque aujourd'hui
Ce drapeau flotte sur nos têtes,
Il faut s'incliner devant lui.

—Mais, père, pardonnez si j'ose . . .
N'en est-il pas un autre à nous? . . .
—Ah . . . celui-la, c'est autre chose:
Il faut le baiser à genoux. . . .

The French journalist, with a friendly heart to Albion (of "perfidious" past), might well quote these lines when fulminating, as he reasonably may, against the treatment of his countrymen in the lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine.

Crabbe

Apropos of the forthcoming celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Crabbe, the *Globe* has observed very happily that "every honour is now paid to Crabbe except that of reading him." That is how the true Britisher honours most of his poets, so that Crabbe is not altogether an exception, and, indeed, there are reasons why the immense popularity which his writings once enjoyed should have waned. With all his merits—and no one will seriously dispute his place among our great poets—his numerous defects of manner, his surprising faults of taste, his frequent tiresome minutiæ of detail, all tell against permanent popularity. In his own time he tasted the sweets of success more than most poets. Murray gave him £3,000 for "Tales of the Hall," and the remaining copyrights of his previous works. Think of it, ye minor bards of bleaker days! His native county is true to its reputation as "Sleepy Suffolk," for it is to celebrate his hundred and fiftieth birthday, nearly a year late, Crabbe having been born at Aldeburgh on Christmas Eve of 1754.

Lives of the Fair

The inner life of Courts has long been a piquant subject of reading, and no books seem more sure of success than those which deal with the lives of kings and queens and courtiers of the past. In France they like them to be vivid with the life of the moment, and every crowned head in Europe is represented on the boulevard bookstalls in scandalous memoirs, which are almost entirely fictitious. But Mr. John Fyvie's "Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty," published by Messrs. Constable, is at once interesting and authentic. In it is told again the romantic story of Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV., as good as any novel, and stranger in its truth than many a fiction. Lady Hamilton and Lady Blessington are others of the frail wits and beauties with whom Mr. Fyvie deals. A friend was telling me the other day, apropos of my recent remarks on living links with the past, that he knew a lady, who died some months ago, and who, as a child, had been taken by her mother to see Mrs. Fitzherbert at her house in Brighton. Her parents were strict quakers (which is curious, considering the religion of the lady they were visiting and her Royal entanglement), and the little girl, seeing various classical figures and statues about the house of George's unacknowledged wife, asked Mrs. Herbert if these were the idols she worshipped. This is a delicious child story, for children are so prone to regard people of another religious sect as hea hen and outcast. I recall the awe with which, as a very little boy, I was told that a man I had met was a Unitarian. Later, my Sunday School teacher assured me that a person of that denomination was "one who does not believe in God." Happily, we live and learn.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, a famous beauty, who was married in 1785 to George IV., then Prince of Wales

Among the packets of secret papers kept in the mysterious vaults of Coutts's Bank, are those relating to the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert with her Royal lover. These were preserved solely in order that if at any future date Mrs. Fitzherbert's reputation should be called into question, they might be produced in vindication. Among the papers is the certificate of the marriage and a letter from George IV. relating to the marriage

Two Beautiful Historic London Gardens

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

The gardens of Holland House, recently opened by Lord Ilchester to the public in aid of the West London Hospital

Holland House has an historic past. A Tudor mansion built in 1607 by Sir Walter Cope, it passed at the Commonwealth to Fairfax, who was often visited here by Cromwell, and his son-in-law, Ireton. In 1716, Addison became the nominal owner on his marriage with the Countess of Warwick. After Addison's death here, three years later, the house passed into the hands of Henry Fox, father of the famous Charles James Fox, and it became the most brilliant political and social centre in London

Photo by] **The College garden at Westminster, the oldest garden in England** [*H. C. Park*

The garden bearing this unique reputation is 900 years old, and used to be the infirmary garden of the old monastery. It dates from the time of King Edward the Confessor, who often trod its paths. Here many subsequent monarchs walked and discussed affairs of State with their Ministers

The Passion for Rusticity

THE CHARMING MODEL VILLAGE AT WOODCOTE, SURREY

The stupid counterfeit stocks erected a Woodcote

This and the equally stupid concrete pond seen on the next page are the only things which offend the eye

IF your business is such that town does not know you until the streets are well aired, and if you do not mind living, say, at least two miles from a railway station (and that two miles uphill all the way), then you cannot do better than stake out a claim at Woodcote, the prettiest, breeziest, and healthiest little village in Surrey. The phrase "model village" will, of course, stick in your throat, and the two miles uphill from Purley Station, near Croydon, will cause other phrases to form readily —also, let us hope, to stick in the throat—yet Woodcote is worth it all. From it the most delightful view may be had over the Surrey chalk hills, and standing on the village green the most invigoratin

The Village Inn, the "Lord Roberts," at Woodcote

Where nothing stronger than ginger beer can be obtained by the perspiring visitor after his two-mile climb

Photos by *Nops*

The Passion for Rusticity

THE CHARMING MODEL VILLAGE AT WOODCOTE, SURREY

breezes reach you straight from the sea, laden with the scents gathered in their passage over the Sussex uplands. Woodcote is, indeed, a place "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," for why, oh dwellers of Woodcote, do you, with your evident artistic instincts, tolerate the stupid counterfeit stocks erected on the green, and why do you tolerate an inn—a sham antique village inn at that—without a license? Our illustrations show the style of house built at Woodcote. All of them face the village green in front, and have fine gardens behind. No more charming spot for a permanent or week-end *pied-à-terre* could be imagined.

A view over the Surrey Hills from a corner of the Village Green
The miserable little pond, with its staring concrete rim, spoils an otherwise pretty picture

The Blacksmith's Garden: A typical cottage garden at the Model Village, Woodcote

Photos by *Nops*

The Connoisseur

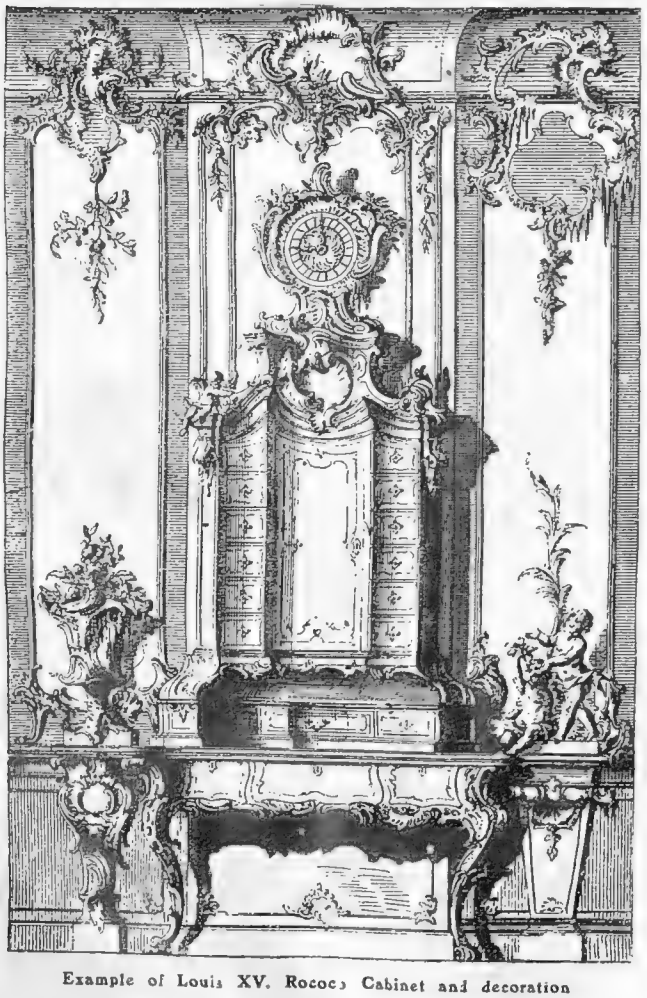
FROM ELIZABETHAN FURNITURE TO THE "NEW ART"

The study of the particular characteristics of the various designs of furniture from the middle of the sixteenth century up to and including the present day gives an insight into social life and modes of human thought which, perhaps, accounts for the many interesting works on the subject now before the public. Mr. Herbert E. Binstead, in his well-planned volume, "Styles in Furniture" (Botwright), has kept this point well in view, and hints that a philosophy of furniture might well be written. For this purpose, he furnishes forth a number of facts and details of great service to all interested in the subject.

But his chiefest aim has been to provide a readily obtainable book, which shall form a guide to those who wish to recognise a style at a glance. This is no easy task. Those who have given the closest study to the subject admit that, again and again, one style overlaps another, although there are certain cases, such as the change from the designs of Marie Antoinette to those of the Empire, or our own complete and utter decadence from eighteenth-century to nineteenth-century work, which are easily seen. To serve the reader's purpose, Mr. Binstead has wisely avoided dwelling on the transition periods, but gives a clear and valuable account of each style at the ultimate point of its development, with illustrations which help in no small degree to bring home to the mind of the student the salient points, both of detail and of the piece as a whole. There is a slight inclination, however, to interpolate designs which are rather loosely called "in the Adam style," or "in the Sheraton style," for which, we venture to think, those designers would not care to be held responsible. But this does not in any way mar the value of the complete review of furniture from Elizabeth's time, when furniture, in its modern sense, may be said to have first existed, up to the very latest developments.

We Beg Leave to Differ

To this descriptive work is added a chapter of the history of furniture styles, which lays some emphasis on the fact that the character of a people and a period may be read in their household goods. The author would seem to say, "show me the chairs and tables they use and I'll tell you the sort of people they are." The result of this system of deduction is very flattering to several periods, especially, we think, to the English of the eighteenth century, but when one applies the test to the present day it can hardly be said to result in compliment. This brings us to the point in which Mr. Binstead's book differs from others on the subject of the history of furniture, for he is lavish of praise in regard to that particular style produced under the influence of the new art. Our illustration is of a cabinet in what may be considered the worst and most lavish period of Louis XV., and yet compare it with examples of the "new art" and the result in favour of the French work is overwhelming.



Example of Louis XV. Rococo Cabinet and decoration

The "New Art" an Unworthy Movement

We recognise that many devoted and ardent students have done their utmost for this latest departure in furniture, but the harvest of their labours is exceedingly disappointing, to use the mildest expression. The finest examples seen in the early exhibitions were for the moment interesting, but the more general application of the principles of the new art produces something almost as uncomfortable and useless as what we may call the "Seaside Lodgings Neo-rococo" of 1860-1870. That an accomplished student of what is best in the past—simplicity, reserve, good workmanship—such as Mr. Binstead certainly is, should give the *cachet* of his instructed approval to this ambitious but absolutely disappointing movement, makes one feel the uselessness of argument and the vanity of human artistic wishes. As a matter of fact, already the new order changeth, giving place to excellently adapted reproductions of the old; but many enthusiasts, like the author of this interesting work on *Styles*, will be able to delay the return to the restful simplicity and just proportions of the eighteenth century, in which direction, as regards furniture, lies our æsthetic salvation.

E. M.

The Craze for "Country Cottages"

MODELS AT THE GARDEN CITY EXHIBITION, LETCHWORTH

Living Room of Mr. Lionel Crane's Exhibit—No. 19

The interior, furnished by Messrs. Heal and Son, Tottenham Court Road, consists of oak suite—total price, 16 Guineas—consisting of dresser, table, bookcase, beath, two chairs, two armchairs, one child's armchair. Casement curtain blinds are made of green "pansy" printed cotton, at 1*s.* per yard. Floor is covered with "rush matting," 3ft. wide, at 2*s.* 3*d.* per yard

Bedroom in Mr. Lionel Crane's Exhibit—No. 19

Dark green suite furnished by Messrs. Heal and Sons—total cost, £9 11*s.* 6*d.*—containing wardrobe, dressing table, washstand, and chair. Green wood bedstead, with "'X L" spring, £3 10*s.* Casement curtain blinds, made of "Fritilliary" printed cotton, at 1*s.* per yard. Floor is covered with "grass matting," 3ft. wide, at 1*s.* 10*d.* per yard

YACHTS AT COWES

THE 24-FOOTER CLASS

A fast 24-footer in a good breeze

Mrs. Allan's "Su-Su," illustrated above, has done very well in class-racing in the South and on the Solent

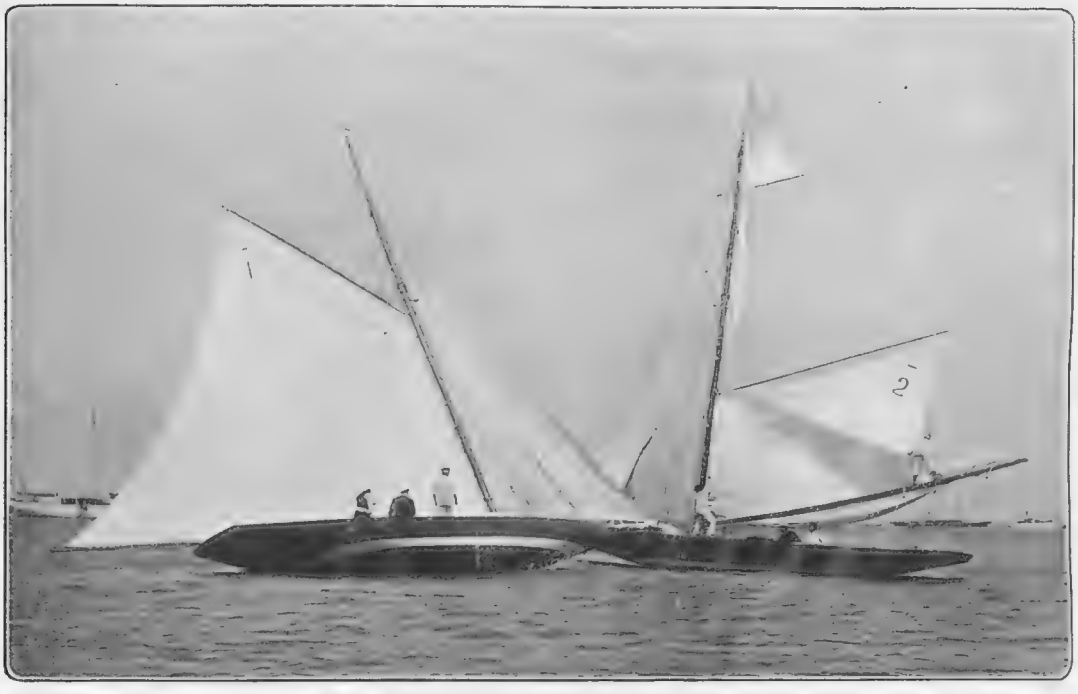
Photos by *Kirk and Sons*

A close race between 24-footers

"Duet," owned by Miss Cox (on the left), and Mr. C. Rivett Carnac's "Lalage"

YACHTS AT COWES

YACHTS IN COLLISION



An exciting incident in a race

The two yachts in collision are "Eve" and "Saionara"

Photos by *Kirk and Sons*

Lord Iveagh's schooner, "Cetonia"

Lord and Lady Iveagh are very keen on yachting, and never miss Cowes week

The New Racecourse at Newbury

Newbury Racecourse Grand Stand: The Royal box

A trifle over an hour's journey by G.W.R. from Paddington, the new racecourse at Newbury is situated in a delightful part of the Berkshire Downs, within easy reach of some sixty establishments, training on an average about 1,500 horses. Thus there seems to be every prospect of success, and everything possible has been done to ensure it. The opening flat races have been fixed for September 26 and 27, when the return fare from London has been fixed at 10s. first class, and 5s. third class

Mr. W. Bushby Mr. G. G. Leader Mr. C. W. Stephens

Mr. W. Raynor Mr. John Porter Mr. L. H. Baxendale

The Directors of the new Course

Everything possible has been done to make visitors to the new course comfortable, and motorists will find an excellent garage provided for their use

Racing at Goodwood

THE STEWARDS' CUP AND WEST DEAN PLATE

View of the Course during the race for the Stewards' Cup

"Xeny" made the whole of the running, and won in a common canter

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

Return to scale after the West Dean Plate, won by "Brosy Lass"

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Sir Schomberg McDonnell Takes a Hand in Motor Prosecution

For having permitted visible vapour to be emitted om a motor-car, the owner was fined last week at Bow Street Police Court. In Paris, for some time past, any car guilty of over-oiling in that dainty city has been proceeded against. England in motor matters is generally a little way behind our French friends, and the action against Mr. Westley Watson, the motorist in question, is the first of its kind. The summons was taken out under the Parks Regulations Act of 1872, and defendant, who had to pay nearly £3, was charged with interfering with the convenience of a person using St. James's Park. It appears that Sir Schomberg McDonnell, Secretary to the Office of Works, walking in the Mall on June 13, saw a motor with a smoky exhaust. He took the number of the car, and a warning letter was written to the owner. Unluckily for Mr. Westley Watson, on July 3 Sir Schomberg happened to be in the Birdcage Walk when the same car came by with the same oil cloud coming from the exhaust-box. While the defendant is to be congratulated on having a chauffeur who over-oils, still he would probably be the first to admit that in the London parks over-lubrication is much to be deprecated.

Lack of Lubrication

Personally, I must say that, as a rule, the ordinary driver gives his engine too little oil. A friend of mine, only the other day, brought a brand new four-cylinder car round to show me. Everything was spick and span, the brass shone like gold, the engine was spotlessly clean. The car was going a little sluggishly, and I noticed that the drip-oilers to the engine were all *three shut right off*. The car belonged to a lady, and she told me that her chauffeur was quite a model, he kept his engine so beautifully clean. Now, when I saw the engine, this car had just travelled some distance, and, anyhow, since starting that morning there had been no opportunity to clean it. Nevertheless, there wasn't a drop of oil anywhere. Owners of new cars who don't know much about the game, would save themselves pounds if they just had a look at their engine at the close of a day's run. Absolute cleanliness and no signs of oil anywhere should be regarded with grave suspicion. Far better not to insist on your man keeping the engine scrupulously clean, if he should keep it clean by oil starvation.

An Anti-Motoring Circular from the House of Commons

The fact that the Motor-Car Act of 1903 expires next year has called forth a circular from the House of Commons. Twelve Members—six Unionist and six Liberal—who hold strong views with regard to motor-cars, have issued a circular to the various local authorities. Under the present Act, the prosecution of motorists and the infliction of heavy penalties has been heavy enough, but I am sorry to say that there are some Members of the House who would like to make things worse than they are at present.

Under this present Act, although the local authorities are entitled to regulate their traffic to a limited extent, yet, speaking generally, the principal power is in the hands of the Local Government Board. We all know how properly and judicially this last authority has exercised its authority. We—most of us—can guess how tyranical and bigoted the various local authorities would be if they could. As it is, motor persecution and the infliction of really severe penalties has resulted from the prejudiced attitude of many benches of country magistrates. This circular is an endeavour to stir up the various local authorities to Parliamentary action. No one who reads the following extracts from the circular can help seeing how particularly unfortunate this way of dealing with the motor problem is. (The italics are mine.)

What this Anti-car Circular Says

"The question of speed-limit will probably be the most difficult to deal with. Some of us would be satisfied if the Local Authorities had power of

Would-be Road-Hogs

The above car was constructed during the temporary absence of the parents by the two eldest girls (age nine and five years). It was their own idea, and is made up of two bicycles, two cushions, two chairs (one deck chair), and machine top

regulating the traffic without the *interference* of the Local Government Board; others consider that the speed should be strictly limited, but power given to the Local Authorities to extend speed-limit on certain roads.

"Some of us," the circular continues, "advocate *increased powers* to magistrates of punishment and the substitution of imprisonment for fine; others that the only method of punishing the law-breaker is by giving the magistrate power to impound the offending motor for a period of from six days to six months.

"Complaints from town and country are every day increasing, and we will be glad of the opinion of your council on any of the above points, or to consider any suggestion you may think fit to make."

The Bold Band of Twelve Who are Responsible

In the hope that some of the authors of the circular have motoring friends who may be able to put the facts of our case properly, I append the names of the twelve Members:—Sir James Fergusson, Mr. Ernest Gardner, Lieutenant-General J. W. Laurie, C.B., Colonel C. Wyndham Murray, C.B., Sir Frederick Carne Rasch, Messrs. Brooke Robinson, Rowland Barran, Frederick Cawley, F. A. Channing, George Lambert, E. J. Soares, and J. Cathcart Wason. An agitation in favour of broad roads, better roads, dustless roads, is what is really wanted, not an appeal to prejudice and country cussedness. Motor traction is right; it's the mud track that's wrong.

The Motor Mosquito

From the papers I learn that the mosquito invasion is assuming alarming proportions — several cases requiring treatment at the local hospitals. Those who drive cars must beware of the motor mosquito. Haunting open road stretches, hedge hidden, this curious creature will pass hours waiting for its petrol prey. They tell me they are particularly virulent, and inclined

TO BITE

Near Uxbridge.
At Fishersgate, Southwick, near Shoreham.
Near Sheldon, on the Coventry road.
On Woodhouse Moor, near Leeds.
Near Lexden, on the London-Colchester road.
Just either side of Maidstone.
In the New Forest, between Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst.
Down Sandgate Hill, into Folkestone.
Leaving Carlisle for Penrith.
Round about Hunstanton.
Between Derby and Burton.

Alfred C. Hunter.

THE ADVENT OF THE MOTOR SNEAK

A superficial knowledge of motors is now becoming common—the modern car starts easily, and in the near future the motor sneak will be one more worry added to the motorist's burden

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

A Woman's Note Book

Here is distressing information! Owing to the vigour with which the exponents of the "simple life" are pressing their cause, and the large response made to their arguments, a contemporary assures us that workmen's cottages are now almost unattainable —for workmen. Ladies are inhabiting these abodes, breakfasting upon porridge, recreating among fields and wild flowers, working out their various hobbies or philanthropies amidst frugality and solitude; meanwhile, cottages are scarce, much in demand, and rents will inevitably go up; indeed, some landlords, alarmed by the difficulty, have resolved to let their property to the labouring classes only. As for the well-to-do population, with the best intentions it is always putting its foot into things. It became disgusted with the luxury of the age, weary of its idleness, bored with its frivolity; so, with praiseworthy effort, it thought the problem out, and took the most terrific resolutions. Consequently appeared the idea of the "simple life," and people set about attaining it in a businesslike, sometimes exaggerated, fashion. It has become "the thing," and a very popular thing too, though apparently there is to be one check. Landlords will not have us; cottages are for labourers, not for idlers, or experimentalists; and we must return to our empty houses. But this is said to be a free country, and, if we *want* to live in a cottage, it would be hard indeed were we debarred from doing so; only, like Robinson Crusoe, we must be ready to build (or have built) our own primitive abodes. After all, this might very well prove the most amusing method.

The "simple life" is a *good* craze. Of course, it is the fashion to ridicule it, but then it is always the fashion to ridicule everything. Much has been said about our working people and the unwholesomeness of their lives in towns; there is a continual cry of "back to the land" for them. It is not a bad cry for many members of the upper classes either. All the *blasé* people should go "back to the land," and find refreshment there: it is the one tonic for ennui, overwork, worry, and nerves; it is the simple, but much neglected, cure for jaded business men, and still more (because their nervous organisation is more delicate) for tired, overstrained women.

One may be very happy in a cottage. It is not really what we want, but what we *think* we want, that distresses us. Of course, if you want a palace you won't be a bit happy in the "simple life"; only don't think you want a palace, think, instead, that in the summer you want a bunch of roses and a brisk walk before breakfast through dewy fields; that in the winter your heart's desire is a cosy fire, a friend for a chat, and a cheerful book. These things are just as nice as a palace — nicer, if you will think them so.

The cottage must be pretty and tasteful, and, above all things, cheerful, with heaps of sunlight, and all the fresh air one can possibly get into it. Then there should be bright colours, flowers everywhere, and living things all around; a little of everything to one's taste, and not too much of anything; while of those things of which we can never have too much, like friends, bright faces, and happy voices, there should be all it is possible to obtain.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu

COOKING ON A CHAFING-DISH

Kidneys à la Minute
Broiled Calf's Liver
Mincemeat Toast
Welsh Rarebit
Creamed Peas

KIDNEYS À LA MINUTE

Skin and slice thinly three sheep's kidneys. Melt ½ oz. of butter in the blazer of a chafing-dish, and fry in it a peeled and chopped shallot. Then put in the sliced kidneys, season with salt and pepper, and dredge over with a dessertspoonful of flour. Stir the contents of the dish with a fork over a full flame for several minutes, long enough to fry the kidneys, then moisten with a tablespoonful of stock or gravy, half a small glass of sherry or marsala, and a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce. Add also four or five sliced preserved mushrooms. Bring the whole to the boil whilst stirring, and simmer for five minutes; sprinkle over a little chopped parsley, and serve hot.

BROILED CALF'S LIVER

Wipe a piece of calf's liver weighing about ½ lb., and cut it into slices. Dip each slice into seasoned flour. Fry a few thin slices of bacon in the blazer of a chafing-dish, take up the bacon and add to the fat remaining in the blazer ½ oz. of butter; when hot, put in the slices of liver, and broil them over a full flame for several minutes; turn the slices occasionally, so as to brown them nicely. Pour in a little gravy or stock, place the fried bacon on top, and cook for five minutes longer. Serve hot.

MINCEMEAT TOAST—(An excellent Supper Dish)

Mince finely four to six ounces of cold meat, free from skin, gristle, and fat. Melt 1 oz. of butter in the chafing-dish, and fry in it two slices of finely chopped onion. Add a dessertspoonful of flour, and brown a little, then put in the meat, season to taste, and stir till quite hot. Moisten with a tablespoonful of stock, and cook for ten minutes. Heat up four to six Triscuits, butter them lightly when hot, and spread the mixture on each. Sprinkle over with chopped parsley, and serve. Buttered toast may be used in place of Triscuits.

WELSH RAREBIT

Take half a gill of milk, 3 oz. of Cheddar cheese cut into small dice, one egg, 1 oz. butter, seasoning, toasted and buttered bread. Put the milk into a chafing-dish and bring it to the boil. Add the cheese, the egg (previously beaten), season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir, cooking slowly, until quite smooth or resembling thick cream. Remove the pan from the fire, and stir in the butter, then return over the fire and re-heat. Pour the mixture over slices of toasted and buttered bread, and serve quickly. The secret of this Welsh rarebit is careful and continuous stirring, so that it is smooth and creamy.

N.B.—At this season, when so many people are staying on the river in houseboats or camping out, the chafing-dish is a very useful thing, and enables one to cook many a dainty little meal. I have given a few recipes, quite simple and easy to cook, suitable for the chafing-dish, and hope my readers will try them.

EMILIA.

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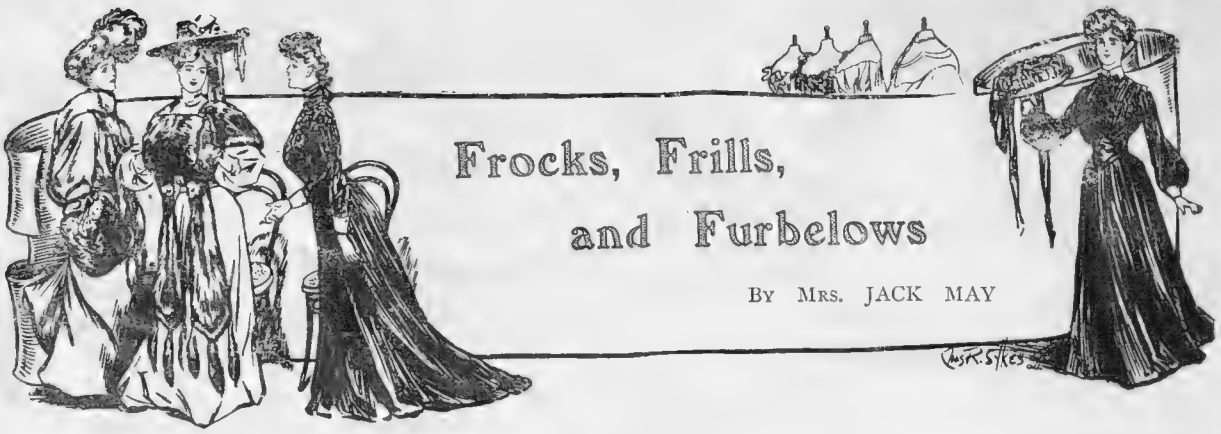

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Ambrosine has returned to me after several months on the Continent, where many delightful social plums fell to her lot, including the Naval festivities at Brest and Paris. Being a finely assimilative creature, she has become completely French in appearance, and is preaching me exhaustive sermons on the heinousness of full skirts. Apparently, there is to be no exception to the rule of fitted hips; morning, afternoon, and evening, the jupes of the immediate future will be severely *collante*, and Ambrosine declares this law will hold good even with ephemeralities.

For day wear, our skirts are to clear or just sweep the floor, but for evening toilette, a train of regal length is *de rigueur*, while the general tendency is towards the Second Empire, especially in colouring. After the surfeit of delicate tints and harmonies, it will take the eye some time to grow pleasantly accustomed to vivid, not to say crude, greens, and reds, and purples, but everything is possible to the woman determined to bow before the dictates of *La Mode*, and, after all, perhaps the majority of us are a little weary of the perpetual Watteau and Pompadour colour stories.

Eminently English, and the Best

But, be Paris never so perfect in the creation of *habillée* toilettes, and the formulating of the ultra smart, it takes an English tailor, born, bred, and trained, in our tight little island, to turn out a suit after the style of that one illustrated over-page, and which was sketched at Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 32, Brook Street.

Curiously enough, it has fallen to my pleasant fate to follow the evolution of this costume, and I am now a little bewildered in choice between one built in Donegal tweed (*vide* the sketch) or in cream Castlebar, with black suéde facings. For the moors, or knockabout Autumn wear generally, this model is not to be surpassed, the gored skirt falling so comfortably free of the ankles, and the coat effecting a certain freedom of aspect, notwithstanding the little leather belt. The collar is the registered "Field" design, and is inimitable, both in the point of appearance and practicability, for it can be closed completely up to the throat, or thrown open to a quite appreciable depth for the display of shirt and tie.

The hat also calls for the best appreciation, fashioned of the same tweed as the costume, the stitched brim adjustable to any need of sun or hard weather. This *chapeau* Mr. Thomas has christened the "Connemara," and it has assumed already, despite its recent birth, the most dangerous rivalry to the too popular "Service" cap.

It looks so particularly well in ivory Castlebar, surmounting a motor coat of the same, the latter built with a three-piece back—as are all the really self-respecting coats now — with band, buttons, and facings, to the practical Napoleon collar of black velvet.

Throughout July and August, Mr. Thomas makes up all his existing stock of materials at reduced rates, and thus creates an opportunity not to be lightly overlooked by those whose aspirations are higher than their purse is long. Nor is it at all as well known as it should be, that this ladies' *tailleur* is pleased to make up for his clients any hand-made tweeds or homespuns. One of the first to take up and push these admirable home industries, Mr. Thomas has made the above concession, on purely philanthropic grounds, so many of his customers being equally interested in the movement, and laying in stores at the annual shows, which occur at Stafford House and elsewhere, during the season. And the little tailor, so frequently requisitioned, makes but sorry work of these loosely woven stuffs, which require, as a matter of fact, extremely careful handling.

Food for the Gods

Once again is a mission borne in upon me to appraise afresh the new Fuller establishment, 207, Regent Street. We gave a children's tea there, Ambrosine and I, after a visit to the Hippodrome the other day, and it was all so dainty and prettily served, amidst the coolest surrounding, and the food was perfection. Moreover, we partook of our own beloved China tea, which, by the way, may always be had for the asking.

A further recent enterprise of this go-ahead house is a coloured catalogue, wherein are represented all the toothsome sweets, absolutely as they appear in reality. Names convey so little to the ordinary mind, whereas, a picture true to life in colouring, size, and general seductiveness, renders selection the easiest matter. Of course, the boon this coloured catalogue will confer on country clients can scarcely be too highly rated, such poor souls hitherto having to make blind guesses as to the merits of "Clusters," "Cream Pecans," "New York and Boston Kisses," etc. While, as an incentive to the colour-scheme form of decoration, these plates should prove perfectly invaluable. Every sweet can be recognised at a glance, and to facilitate ordering, each one is supplied with a registered number, and the firm

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A HOLIDAY SUGGESTION.

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are making a special point of accurate and quick delivery. But, as I observed before, this particular depôt represents a real go-ahead enterprise, the sage advice of Julius Cæsar as to the necessity of spending money to make money being clearly demonstrated.

A Donegal Tweed for the Moors, with "Connemara" hat
(Sketched by K. Pie, del Young at Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 32, Brook Street)

A Practical Beautifier

Is there anything more distracting to a woman, I wonder, than a perceptibly increasing chin? There is no circumventing it by food régime, for that so-called cure is more likely than not to result in the even worse evil of a scraggy throat, a sure indication of advancing years. Better a double or a treble chin than that, though either are quite unnecessary affections since Mrs. Adair brought out her "Ganesh Chin Strap."

So many women habitually wear this clever little invention nowadays, almost I feel an apology is due for stating the obvious, and from all sides comes praise. As a preserver of the contour of the face, it is quite marvellous, and, patiently persisted in, it most effectually does away with those tell-tale lines either side the mouth.

Of the real efficacy of Mrs. Adair's Eastern Oil there is no question at all. This positively conjures youth back to the face. The very odour of it bespeaks its sincerity; not that it is in the least actively objectionable, but there is no faking of it up with strong scents. As the Indian Fakir gave it to Mrs. Adair, so does she hand it on to her clients, periodical visits to the East being necessitated for the ingredients that go towards its concoction. But this thoroughness of purpose goes through the whole of the treatment propounded at 90, New Bond Street, and accounts at once for the huge success attained, and which has encouraged the opening of depôts at 83, Carlton House, High Street, Birmingham, Paris, and New York.

This is the picture that has been criticised.
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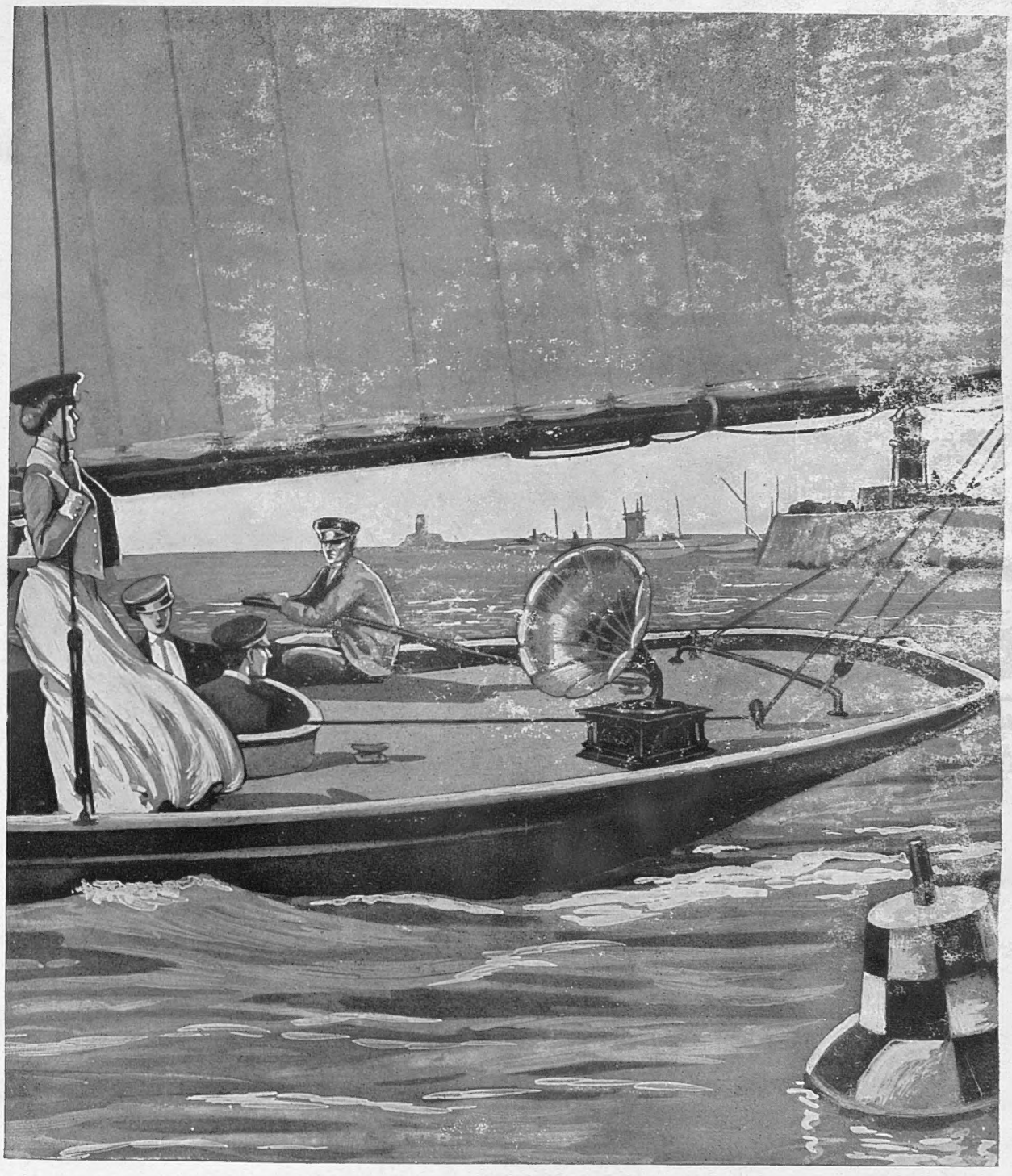

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"HAUL ON THE BOWLIN'." "SHANADOAH." "WHISKY JOHNNIE." "BLOW, MY BULLY BOYS, BLOW."

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MATTERS MUSICAL

Opera at the Savoy

Lovers of comic opera, and they are many, have, for a long time past, been required to possess their souls in patience, fortified by an occasional visit to the ever-popular *Veronique*, but now there is every probability of a return to the old order of things at the Savoy. Mr. Ascherberg has been negotiating with Mr. Leigh with the object of securing a lease of that theatre, where it is his intention to emulate the policy which made the D'Oyley Carte management so famous. One even hears rumours of a revival of *The Mikado*, with which he seems to have some thought of opening the campaign. Whether it will be possible to reassemble such a brilliant company as formerly delighted the public it is difficult to say, but we should imagine that those old Savoyards who are free to do so, would be only too glad to escape from the thraldom of the vapid ditties which it has generally been their fate to sing since they left the famous house in the Strand. Mr. Ascherberg's enterprise confirms our suspicion that there is a constant public for clever and musicianly comic opera as opposed to the arid commonplaces of musical comedy. In fact, signs are not wanting that the night of oblivion will shortly end the long day of popularity of this particular form of amusement. If this is so, it is pleasant to think that there is some prospect of a move in the higher rather than the lower direction.

The "Encore" Nuisance

Madame Trebell-Cleff replies to the tentative demand for an "encore" by the somewhat superfluous "Sing Me To Sleep"

Music at the Play

Mr. Forbes Robertson understands the important influence which good music exerts on the artistic effect of a play, and, in commissioning Mr. Edward German to write incidental music for his autumn production, he is leaving nothing to chance. The well-tried composer of the famous "Henry VIII." dances, and the highly artistic "Merrie England," certainly has no excuse for giving us the airy inanities which are too often deemed worthy to accompany even the best of stage plays. Mr. Robertson's example is one which many who have the arranging of such matters would do well to follow, for it is often a positive torture to listen to the "music" provided at the theatre ostensibly for one's delectation, certainly as a relief to the play itself. The first manager of the new Scala Theatre is determined that it shall not be his fault if the music is not a success; let us hope that the composer will see to it that it is not his.

Educating the Public

All music publicly performed tends, to a certain extent, to influence the public that listens to it; and, as it is indisputable that some proportion of those people who take a certain interest in music are beholden to the theatre for their ideas, it follows that efficiency in this direction tends to educate the public taste. It is hardly just to expect the theatrical manager to cultivate philanthropic intentions, but he is usually credited with some perception of the artistic and original, and if he will only allow this faculty free play, he will often succeed in giving us something which, besides being amusing, will have its effect in the elevation of the public taste. It is no doubt partly to the general movement in favour of better music to accompany theatrical representations that the undoubted improvement in the musical taste of the public of late years is due. That there is still scope for progress in this direction, no one will deny, but the change in the last few years is none the less marked. The mere fact that it has been found worth while to hold three operatic seasons in London alone this year—at Covent Garden, at the Waldorf Theatre, and (later on in October) the San Carlo season—to say nothing of such detached performances as those given at the Coliseum and similar entertainments, is eloquent of the fact that there is a large and ever growing musical public.

H. F.

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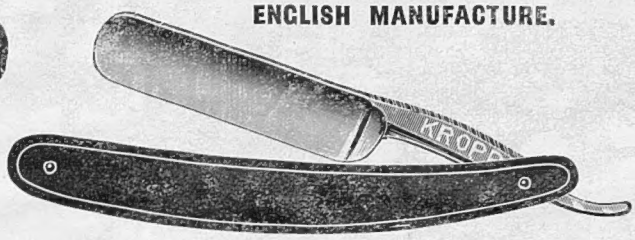

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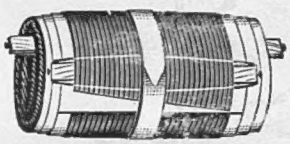

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The Editor's Box

Some Books to Appear

The Marlborough Press, Ltd., will publish immediately an important work on Catholic Church Music, by Mr. R. R. Terry, musical director at Westminster Cathedral, and formerly of Downside. They have also in the press a volume of Poems by Mr. Julius Beerbohm, brother of Max and Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, and a volume of stories by Mr. F. C. Philips.

Messrs. Methuen are to publish an edition of Alexandre Dumas's charming story "Cecile," with coloured illustrations. These pictures are from drawings by Mr. D. Murray Smith, and have been carefully reproduced and printed.

For the casual reader who takes any sort of interest in engineering, Mr. T. Claxton Fidler's work, "Civil Engineering," should prove useful. It is not written in the technical language of a scientific treatise, and it is designed rather for the use of busy men. There are many illustrations, and the volume forms part of the "Books on Business" series issued by Messrs. Methuen.

The story of, perhaps, the most remarkable case of kidnapping of which we have any record is contained in Mr. Marsh's new novel. "The Marquis of Putney," who gives his name to the book, was stolen from his perambulator in Hyde Park while an infant in arms. The solution of the mystery as to his whereabouts is very dramatic. Messrs. Methuen will have the book ready this week.

Mr. John Long will publish at once an important work, entitled, "Glimpses of the Ages; or, the 'Superior' and 'Inferior' Races, so-called, Discussed in the Light of Science and History," by Theophilus E. Samuel Scholes, M.D., etc.. Demy 8vo, 12*s.* net. In this work the aim of the author has been to show that in the three great divisions of mankind there exists an absolute equality. The kinds of equality considered are physical and mental. The volume deals exhaustively with the much-discussed question of the equality of the coloured races with that of the white, and the author introduces much information of an absorbing nature to prove that the so-called "superiority" of the whites over the coloured races is an untenable theory.

An Expert's Justification

We have received the following letter from the Gramophone and Typewriter Company, of 21, City Road, E.C. :—"In your Yachting Number for July, your Advertisement Manager accepted from us an advertisement showing the Gramophone playing the Old Sea Chanties on a yacht. It will, no doubt, interest you to know that THE BYSTANDER must enjoy an enormous circulation among yachtsmen, for we have received enquiries from yachts all round the coast. My object, however, in writing you, sir, is to justify our artist. Several yachtsmen have criticised THE BYSTANDER advertisement, pointing out the trim and position of the boat as being wrong. This is not so. The yacht is leaving the harbour with the wind ahead, as shown by the lady's skirt. As she is in proper trim, she naturally carries a weather helm, as shown by the tiller being to starboard. She is by the wind, therefore the main boom is swung to port. The main sheet is aft, the man in the cockpit having the running end of this evidently round the cleet. The helmsman is evidently keeping his luff in order to clear the buoy in the immediate foreground, as a glance at the page, again appearing in this issue, will show." Perhaps this letter will explain matters satisfactorily to the critics.

Gala Performance at the Alhambra

So great is the interest evinced in the forthcoming Gala performance to the officers and bluejackets of the French and British fleets at the Alhambra, on the afternoon of Friday next, August 11, that it has been decided, with the full approval of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and of the Lords of the Admiralty, to admit the public to all parts of the theatre which are not already reserved for the hosts and their guests on this historic occasion, and to donate the whole of the net profits to the French Hospital and Dispensary in Shaftesbury Avenue. The choice of this highly deserving institution is most appropriate, since its benefits have for nearly forty years past been open, without letters of recommendation, to all persons speaking the French language. In view of the obvious merit of the cause, no less than the patriotic importance of the event, prices of admission to all parts of the house will for this particular performance be doubled.

An Interesting Exhibition at Earl's Court

The Commercial and Industrial Section of the Naval and Fisheries Exhibition at Earl's Court, which are now thoroughly complete and full of up-to-date interest. The splendid collection sent from Newfoundland by the Government of that Colony have only now been arranged, owing to the delay in their arrival. Most of the large shipbuilders and shipping companies have extensive displays, valued in the aggregate at hundreds of thousands of pounds. The Admiralty's exhibits have never previously been shown to the public; while Sir William Armstrong's, Vickers Maxim's, and other makers of maritime war material—ranging from battleships to ·303 Maxims—are superbly represented. In view of the present International political situation, I have ventured to think that unusual interest may worthily be displayed in these exhibits.

An "Out-of-the-way" Holiday

Holiday-making is the subject of the hour. Some wish to go where they will have the society of their fellow-creatures, but there are many others who pine for an "out-of-the-way" holiday. To this latter class may be recommended "Ye Olde Bell," a quaint old inn at Barnby Moor, near "The Dukeries." The old hosteiry retains the characteristics which made it famous as a coaching inn, at the same time it has just been restored and fitted up in the manner demanded of moderns. Barnby Moor, 148 miles from London by Great Northern Railway, is a great centre for golfing, fishing, and out-of-door sports of every kind.

A Good Summer Number

On every yacht, besides the Summer Number of the *Graphic*, will also be found, or should also be found, the Summer Number of the *Yachtsman*, a copy of which has just come to hand. Printed on art paper, beautifully illustrated with drawings and photographs, this publication contains a fine selection of stories and articles which will appeal strongly to all interested in yachting. Among the articles are "The Paradise of the Pacific," by A. Clifton Kelway, and "From Stockholm to St. Petersburg," by G. N. Beamish. The *Yachtsman* Summer Number can be recommended as a rattling good shillingsworth.

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